

83rd Year
Vol. 166

THE

Quarterly
No. 332

DUBLIN REVIEW

Jan., Feb., March, 1920



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THE DUBLIN REVIEW

January, February, March, 1920.

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Communications respecting the Publishing Department should be addressed to Messrs. BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W. 1. Advertisements should reach the Publishers not later than the 10th of the last month of each Quarter.

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THE REAL CARDINAL MANNING

[By an act of the supreme Pontifical power Henry Edward Manning was raised to the Archbishopric of Westminster outside of the choice of the Canons. On the night of May 28, 1865, in preparation for his consecration in the following month, he went into retreat with the Passionists of Highgate. During ten days of austere silence and reflection he gathered the threads of his whole life and tried to write his very soul into a book, as a preliminary draft to that recording his last judgment. He tried to pierce into his past, and see it steadily and whole, while he lifted his shoulders to meet the avalanche of hopes and fears, resolutions and intentions with which his new post visited him. On the evening of June 5, 1865, he laid the book on the High Altar before the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of the Passionists. Then he went out and watched Coleridge's "brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke tumult," before he went down to be London's chief pastor. In fifty-four years the book has remained unread save of a few. That it contains the real Manning none who knew him, and now read it, can doubt. He went into retreat seeking three dispositions: "Candour to know my own state, sins, faults, needs and dangers; Generosity to give my heart and will to the Holy Ghost to be led whithersoever He is pleased, and to whatsoever obedience or suffering He may ordain; and Fortitude to endure all to the end for the Faith of the Church and the Elects' sake." And he continued, "It is a solace to me to remember that I make

The Real Cardinal Manning

my retreat in the ten days of the first retreat ever made, and that by the Apostles between the Ascension and Pentecost. Ten days of wonder, silence, waiting, hope, expectation of the coming of the Spirit of Truth. Grant me, O Lord, this promise of the Father, that I may be endued with power from on high to be a witness for Thee in life and in death!"—S. L.]

FIRST DAY.—It had impressed itself vividly upon me that God has predestinated me to Eternal Life, but that the way is by conformity to His Son. Now that conformity consists chiefly, as St. Paul says, in suffering. We must be conformed to the Image of His Son. And His Visage was marred more than any man. His Image is the *Volto Sacro* which hangs over my bed at St. Mary's, the Sacred Countenance wounded and darkened by sorrow and suffering.

Now if I were an Angel I should not fulfil this predestination. If I were holy, pure, fervent, full of zeal for God and love for souls there would not be the Image of His Son. There must be added the humiliations and the Passion of Jesus, that is the Cross, the only way and mark of the Disciples of Jesus and of the Sons of God. I do not know why that which is a truism of the Gospel should have struck me with a vividness which is altogether new.

My perseverance in Grace till now is a miracle of God's love. When I remember my childhood, boyhood and youth, the companions who are now dead, or worse still, twice dead, it is a miracle of love and grace that I am alive also unto God. When I was nineteen God converted me to Himself. I remember great fear of judgment when I was three years old and when I was about nine. Again when I was confirmed I remember then that God drew me by a sense of sweetness which was soon lost. But at nineteen or twenty I changed my life and with little change have never gone back. But God held me when I did not know it. He then called me out of politics and the World on which I was bent. He called me as I then believed to be a Pastor. He then called me to serve Him

The Real Cardinal Manning

at the cost of all things as a Catholic. He then called me to be a Priest. He then called me to be an Oblate. He has now called me to the greatest Cross of my life and to the greatest separation from the world.

These are six separations, six *ascensions in corde*. I don't know how God could make known His will to me more articulately. They are a revelation and an inspiration to interpret it. Above all this last act of His Vicar, contrary to all human agencies, prejudices, oppositions, influences, out of all order and overpassing all the fixed conditions and above all after the prayers and Masses of a month and most of all his own. Finally it was done on *Pastor Bonus* Sunday and at the very hour that I was preaching to my poor flock on the Good Shepherd. This brings St. Thomas across me and St. Charles in the Duomo at Milan in 1848 in the month of May. I do not know whether it was Sunday or not, when I was looking down into his shrine and the Deacon from the Ambo chanted that Gospel in High Mass. Now I feel all these bind me to separation from the World, and to labour for it. I am bound to be disengaged from it, crucified to it, dead to it. Now if I be worldly I shall be reprobate, for to have the world in me when I have been cut out of it would be after the sin of Judas. But I shall have the world in me if I love it and it loves me, I have delight in it and it in me, I adopt its maxims and it mine, or again if I can live in the world without suffering. If I am separate from the world *non corpore tantum sed et corde*, I shall be a cross to the World and the World to me. My whole soul with all its instincts and spirit will be contrary to it and it to me. Now this cannot be if the concupiscences are in me. Nor if I am at peace with the World and the World with me.

Why am I put where I am ? It is a wonderful sign of God's love and will to save me that He has thus separated me. And more than this that He should have chosen me to be a Disciple of His Son, a Pastor and a fellow worker with His Truth and Spirit in the redemption of the World. Fellow-worker with God, with the ever blessed Trinity,

The Real Cardinal Manning

all this is either the seal of my predestination or of my greater damnation. To be set up to be the Voice to teach and the Judge to condemn and the Guide to direct is either a token of the confidence of Jesus or of His reprobation. I feel thankful that this has not come sooner upon me, for if I were ten years younger I should be ten years foolisher and ten years weaker. It is good for me that the activity and vividness of my nature is more subdued. I hope to make fewer mistakes and to be exposed to fewer temptations. I feel the shortness of life almost to suspend my power of beginning new works. I don't think that any pleasure or society or money or possessions or worldly honour have hold over me. I have been so long unpopular and disliked and misrepresented that I hope I have expiated the flood of popularity I had before I was in the Truth and healed of the temptation for the future. But I must watch over this and if at any time I cease to find pleasure in the lowest and hardest works of the Pastoral care, or if I ever soften down the truth, or am silent when I ought to speak out, I shall have a sign that the world is still in me.

Second Day.—I hope I am convinced that God is the Only Good and Sin the only Evil. Now I am certain that in my past life I have lived long without loving God above all things or hating sin above all things. And that when I began to love God I loved Him because of other things out of and beneath Him, and when I began to hate sin I hated it because of its penal consequences. I feel still how far my love is from pure love and how near my hatred is to servile hatred. I feel sure, too, that I have been for long seasons in mortal sin and I can only hope that I am not under the displeasure of God now. Such a life as mine, so long, so full of events, so full of precipitation and activity, of great graces and responsibilities, must be full of temptations, illusions and sins. I can well believe that with many of the gifts and excellencies of Satan in the sight of God and His Saints I may be as hateful as Satan. It is a mean friendship which avoids only a final breach, but all day long goes to the verge of it. Certainly a

The Real Cardinal Manning

venial sin is more to be hated and feared than all the penal consequences of Sin. All our best work for souls is tainted if we sin venially in doing it. God will not be glorified on this condition. And yet as Pastor, Preacher, Confessor, how many venial sins of every kind have I committed. He alone knows what sins I have committed in this long life of fifty-six years, in this long career of thirty-three years and if less in these last fourteen, yet being in the greater light, the lesser materially, have been greater personally as variances to His known presence and perfections. And I know that there is often only the difference of a degree between venial and mortal sin, and that therefore I am with my eyes open on the verge of mortal sin. Only a plank between me and eternal death. And with all my graces what a damnation like Balaam and Judas and Caiaphas. I have no hope but in the Divine Hand which is upon my head. Every day for the last twenty years I have prayed God to deliver me from the blood of Souls.

Since God converted me to Himself now six and thirty years ago, I have endeavoured to watch over my example. But I am conscious how much there has been in mind, temper and spirit which must have misled and scandalized others. Since I have been a Priest I fear I have never been what a Priest ought to be. And perhaps I have been the first so set example of relaxation and to encourage others to do less for Our Lord. And now that I am bid to go before that flock where every eye will be turned upon me both within and without the fold, both friendly and hostile, how can I escape? My dear Lord, keep me from scandalizing so much as one of Thy little ones! Let me rather die than sin or be the occasion that any soul should sin against Thee!

I use daily a form of prayer, very brief, which I made about twenty years ago for myself and out of my actual experience. Sometimes I go through it at once, sometimes I dwell on it and can make it of any length, but I should feel as if I had left my prayers unsaid if I did not use it daily. I find I can pray better walking or sitting

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than kneeling. To sit in the Presence of the Tabernacle is to me the easiest time or code of prayer. I feel less distraction and more actual colloquy with Our Lord. The best time of all is from the Consecration to the Communion in Holy Mass, though I feel all the time as if the minutes were gold and I were losing them. The chief prayer I make in the day is by talking to Our Lord of what I am doing or suffering, intending or fearing. With this I hope come words of love, praise and thanksgiving. I feel that if I am not directly thinking of God, He is the background of my thoughts or the atmosphere or the light in which I am thinking. But I feel this to be a low state, yet it is a safe one I trust, being the twilight way of faith, in which I trust there are fewer illusions.

Third Day.—I am conscious of the danger of lukewarmness because there is in me a great turn for sloth. And this is the more to be watched because it is masked by a great natural activity of body and mind. Whatsoever pleases me or serves my ends I labour for with an intensity and decision which looks like fervour. It is true indeed that the Grace of God has turned me away from the pursuit of honour in the world, from indulgence in luxuries, the amusements of society and the like. Since I was twenty I turned from most of these. . Since I was twenty-four from all of them and my aim, hope and happiness has been in the work and service of God. I remember when I was 25 to 27 I used to say, "I have not a particle of earth ambition." It was true. I had just broke down the strongest worldly ambition for public life a man could well have. All my nearest friends had entered it, but I turned back on the threshold. All other ambition seemed to me feeble, effeminate and ceremonial. But when I began to work and found work grow and felt that it was real and that I had a power to do it, and that others depended on me, little by little a consciousness of a new career awoke in me. Then came upon me my first responsible charge and I grew to love work of this kind and to live for it. This was in 1840-41. Then all manner of temptations to ambition came upon me.

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Success, applause, flatteries, great friendships, political relations, the Court, the secret certainty of a future. I was conscious of a sweetness in all this both as present and as to come. But two things I can say. I loved work more than all and I was perpetually crossing all my future by following unpopular truths in the face of unpopular opinion. People were expecting and predicting all things for me, and I was making them impossible. I remember Samuel Wilberforce saying of J. W. C. that he was one of those men who had abilities to rise if he has not had conscience enough to make it impossible. I felt this to be exactly my own case. But I gladly went onward. If I was ambitious I trust God knows that ambition did not govern me. I desired to see work done and I tried to do it, and in doing it I deliberately sacrificed ambition to Truth. Now in all those years I worked as far as health and time would let me. And though no doubt natural activity was the sustaining strength I do not think it was the motive or the end. Since I came into the Truth fourteen years ago I hardly dare to judge for myself. My first feelings, as I told Hope, was that my work in life was over. I looked for nothing and I desired nothing but to live and die as a priest guiding a few souls. St. Charles was my ideal in the past, St. Philip at that time. I had relations to souls, none to the Church. It was the act of the Holy Father to put me into the Academia, and of the Cardinal to set me to found the Congregation of the Oblates, and I may say of those who opposed it, to send me back to Rome and to force me into the path which has ended in this retreat.

In all these years I have worked as I could and I have desired to see work done. But I cannot say that I have deliberately acted on my ambitious intention. I was no sooner in the Church than my name came in the newspapers for Southwark, then as Coadjutor to the Cardinal ! then for Nottingham, then for Clifton, then I was elected for Northampton. God knows before Whom I write that no word or deed of mine provoked this. I have been surrounded by this talk through no known act of mine for

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these fourteen years. I was forced all the more into it by those who opposed us. I have touched the subject only in one point and that was to render impossible what the Holy Father has now done.

O my God, if in this there has been ambition make me to see it as Thou seeest it, lest I go down to the Pit deceiving myself. And let not this be the end of more than thirty years of natural activity. Let me not hear the Sentence "Verily thou hast thy reward." Rather than lose Thee not only hereafter but now in this life, I would lay down all in the world and live and die out of sight and out of mind if only Thou remember me, and forget all my sins. Let me not climb up here unbidden or "by another way," nor let me offer myself uncalled, or fill this place by my own will or by the will of man.

But though I know that my natural activity bears the look of fervour, my spiritual life does not correspond. I am conscious how much more readily I turn to work than to prayer, how much more willingly I turn from prayer than from work. Yet I remember a Confessor once consoled me by saying only too kindly "all your life is prayer." I trust I may say all my life is work, and work, if it be God's work, is indeed prayer. But I do not dare to think this of myself.

Fifty-six years gone, every moment of which had its grace. Boyhood and youth in idleness. Manhood with endless waste of time. Since I have been a Priest less so I trust, the last eight years perhaps least of all and yet how much still. And now that life is ending, what I have done for my own soul or for others, what will go with me into the next world? I desire for what remains to me to live by an orarium and to make a conscience of time. What is true of time is still more true of grace. My natural activity has made me use time, my spiritual sloth has made me lose grace. How long was I ignorant that grace is the *Digitus Dei tangens cor hominis* and that the Divine Presence and operation was upon me.

Fourth Day.—I have always had a great fear of death. I fear the last illness, the preludes of death, the physical

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suffering and the mental distress at the hopelessness of disease and the uselessness of remedies. But I fear still more the first meeting with God. I cannot conceive my standing before Him and being saved. This comes from my not knowing whether I be worthy of love or of hatred. It seems impossible that in a life like mine there should not be an accumulation of sin which I do not see. When I begin to analyse any one action of my life, I am self condemned and I hide myself from myself. But I cannot hide myself from God. Again I fear death from the consciousness how little use I have made of grace. I know that I shall die as I live. What I am now, I shall be then and death works no miracles. As I die I shall be judged. *Ubi tu inveneris ibi te judicabo.* In it the man I am with all my inconsistencies and complications I shall be to the last and in the hour of death. I trust that one reason of this fear is the light to perceive God and Sin. Then I know that peace comes at the last and is not given before. We have grace for life and grace for death and it will come with the hour. But it alarms me to think of the burden laid upon me in my old age. If I cannot answer for my own soul, how shall I answer for the Flock? If I were to die now, should I be saved? If I were to be called with my present mind and character should I see God? I am not conscious of harbouring any dispositions at variance with the sanctity, justice, charity or truth of God. "Yet am not I hereby justified." My only hope is in the Precious Blood. Yet I know that in 1848, when I thought I might be dying, I was overwhelmed with fear, and in 1860, when I thought myself to be in danger at sea. And I believe that I should be so again. I feel very deeply at this moment the danger of losing my soul by this elevation. If I am to be lifted up by it, it were better for me not only to have never been called out of a low estate but to have been taken away from the evil to come. The words "*nonne cum esses parvulus in oculis tuis Caput te constitui in Tribubus Israel*" were spoken to Saul. When in obscurity the Spirit of God was with him, in his elevation an Evil Spirit came upon him. I feel an unspeakable fear

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of this. I shall be in danger of vain glory, self-worship, forgetfulness of God, usurpation upon His rights, hardness towards the troublesome and repulsive.

My dear Lord, I desire to continue this life I have begun, the life of St. Charles, humility and hardness. Keep my eyes open to know myself and my state before Thee. I feel as if Our Lord had called me by name and touched me with His Hand. The letter of the Holy Father which came to-day is more like the voice of Our Lord encouraging me directly than any event in my life. But Saul was specially chosen, had a Divine message and was anointed by a prophet in the Name of the Lord. I enter upon this life with a great fear and feel as if I were going into the Wilderness to be tempted of the Devil. But Our Lord who leads me up will I trust keep me.

Fifth Day.—I have preached for years to others about Conversion to God, but am I converted myself? I trust that I am in no habit of conscious variance with the Will of God. At times I am carried away, but it is as the lurches of a ship at sea which rights again. It is not habitual but occasional, and therefore not my will but my weakness and the momentary inclination or subjection of my will. I trust too that I am truly sorry for my past sins, and that not only for fear but for the love of God. I trust too that I have confessed my sins both in general confessions and in particular from time to time, and yet no confession is adequate, and I fear mine have been very imperfect. I trust that I endeavour to practise the rules of penance and piety and use the means of Salvation. I trust I have returned to My Father's House all the way I wandered from it and have received the Kiss of Peace and that with a sense that I am not worthy to be called a Son of God, and that it is too much for me even to be a hired servant. I trust, however, that He has given me this Ring and the Shoes and the first Stole, that is, first, this sanctifying grace and charity. Next, His Priesthood. Thirdly, all the benedictions of the last fourteen years. Lastly, this greatest token of His love and favour. If it be not the white country and the new name it is certainly

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the doom of Pharaoh. But it seems to me to be not in wrath but in love, though I know not of which I am ultimately worthy in the last turn of the unerring balance. One thing consoles me. He has suffered me to try to convert souls to Him which seems to imply that He has first converted my own. I remember the time when some simple soul asked me why, in the first volume of sermons I published about 1840, I spoke so seldom of the Holy Spirit. I found it was true and I resolved from that time to make every day an act of reparation to the Holy Ghost in these words: "O God the Holy Ghost, Whom I have slighted, grieved, resisted from my childhood to this day, reveal unto me Thy Personality, Thy Presence, Thy Power. Make me to be of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord. O Thou that art the Spirit of the Father and the Son. O Thou that art the Love of the Father and the Son. O Thou that baptisest with fire. Shed abroad in my heart the fire of Thy love, set me all on fire with the love of My God. Pour upon me one drop of that holy flame, one drop of that heavenly fire that I may be altogether consumed as a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. O Thou that hast commanded me to love Thee with all my heart, kindle me with zeal, melt me with sorrow that I may live the life and die the death of a perfect penitent. Let that holy flame burn up and consume in me all that is contrary to Thy love, that I may love Thee with all my soul and all my strength and my neighbour as myself."

I do not think I have ever omitted this for one day in all these years. My mind began to turn to the Third Person of the Holy Trinity and His Mission in the world. I searched for books upon it. I made notes to write about it. I began twice a book upon it. Meanwhile the Office of the Holy Ghost in the Church began to arise upon me. It became a divine certainty. This gave me the light of Faith and I submitted to the Church and entered into the perfect revelation of the day of Pentecost. I know that I have preached on this to monotony, but I felt it was my mission. It was the truth which had saved

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me. It was the one truth lost at the Reformation, the condition of all truth and the chief need of our time and country. The Holy Father for a month asks the light of the Holy Spirit and then overpassing all usage and precedents, says "I am inspired to name M." And letters from Rome and England, from the most diverse and unlikely persons, all recognize and explicitly ascribe this event to Him. I do not know how to interpret all this, except one way, or how to doubt the only conclusion. Now all this may be no more than carrying me up to the pinnacle of the Temple that my pride or infidelity to Grace may the more signally destroy me.

Sixth Day.—But being set upon such a height, I feel a fear which no words can express. If the Holy Ghost is so near to me, so in proportion I believe is the Spirit of Evil. I feel as if the whole atmosphere round me were alive and astir with the enemies of my soul. It is certain that I shall be more assailed than any man. Both my past life and my present place, my natural character, the complication of a long life of work, the enemies I have made by my fault and without my fault, the witness I have borne for the truth and against the errors of our time and country will all mark me out for especial hostility. And my fall would be "as when a Standard-bearer falleth." I feel this fear so great that I could almost desire to take Sanctuary for life within the shelter of some religious house.

These eight things I resolve in this Retreat to aim at.

Humility. I desire to empty myself as Our Lord did in every way which will not bring into contempt the office and work laid upon me. In public Our Lord spoke with authority and St. Charles wore his vestments.

Poverty of Spirit. To keep always in mind my sinfulness, unworthiness, unprofitableness and nothingness before God. These are the four degrees of poverty of spirit. Especially to guard against the thought of my being of any use to Our Lord and to His Church, or of any importance in anything I can do. I wish to be the more on my guard against this intellectual and spiritual inflation because I know I am prone to it. I have seen it and the

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tarnish it leaves on a great mind and a great Christian. Under this poverty I include also the utmost simplicity and detachment from all outward things. For myself I wish only for food and raiment and to die without money and without debts.

Mistrust of myself, of my own lights as to myself, as to others, as to affairs. Of my own strength in temptation. Of my own motives. Of my own ends. Of my own knowledge of Theology. Of my own prudence in judgment. Of my self control in dealing with men. Of my fitness for the office of Archbishop. The abandonment of my will to the Holy Spirit. I resolve never to act or to answer or to undertake any affair of gravity without invoking the Holy Ghost. I resolve to be docile to notice in the belief that it is by the voice of others the Holy Ghost speaks to me. I resolve by His help to take always, if I can, the higher line even though it is humanly exposed to objection. I resolve to endeavour to rest upon the surface of the love of God which lifts me as the flood lifted the ark, and so to go upon the face of the waters, carried onward by the Spirit, *ubi vult*. It is a want of this spirit that has made me anxious and careful. It is the little I have of it which has made me sleep soundly and quietly in all these years. If I had had more I should have been stronger and happier, if I had had less I should have worn out and died.

Abandonment of my will to the Vicar of Our Lord. First in all his authoritative utterances both by exterior obedience and interior assent. Next to his known will. Next to his known wish. It is by the mind and voice of the Holy Father that the mind and voice of the Spirit is made definite and known to me.

Obedience to the Church. I desire to be in the most perfect conformity to the Dogmas of Faith, to the Theology of the Schools in its approved and pious opinions, to the traditions, instincts and spirit of the Holy See. I desire to speak in its accents and to act upon its precedents. I desire always to derive my guidance and counsel immediately from Rome. This I learned in the

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case of N. Card. Wiseman in 1859, 1860. I desire to hold inviolate the doctrines and laws of the Church without compromise and I resolve by the Pallium of St. Thomas so to do !

The counsel of others. My purpose is to nominate a Council of persons to advise on all matters, except those strictly of the Bishop's own conscience. I purpose to hear patiently all they may wish to say, to give the fullest freedom of speech, if possible never to give my opinion at the time, if possible to follow their counsel.

The Counsel of a Confessor. I purpose to select some one and to regard him as the Voice of God to me in those things in which my soul is at stake, and when as Archbishop I am obliged to decide alone. I purpose also to enjoin certain persons in whose prudence and charity I can confide, to tell me the truth about myself and about my work. Somebody said to me when the election was known. "Now you will never hear the truth again." Everybody in high place stands in a room full of mirrors and sees himself multiplied without end by a servile reflection. My desire is to live the most retired life I can, consistently with the Government of the Diocese. I desire to make the House as ecclesiastical as possible. To have an orarium for the household. To give four days a week from 10 to 1 for receiving Priests and laymen on business. To invite the Priests periodically to an early dinner so as to see them all in my house during the year. To receive no visit of women except by appointment, in the presence of others if possible, for a limited time. To have night prayers for the household and to be always present if possible. To have reading at dinner always, be there who there may. All about the house to wear the tonsure and Cassock. Saturday, Sunday and Monday I should take for myself to prepare for preaching and to rest after the week work of Sunday. As to mixing in the world, my wish would be to decline all dining out on the ground of want of time, but to go for an hour in the evening as is usual in Rome. Beyond this I wish never to be seen except at work, or on public occasions of legitimate

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recreation, such as the British Institution, the Royal Academy. As to work, it is absolutely necessary for me, at least for a year, to refuse to undertake any individual case. My flock is now the 200 Priests, the 40 Missions, the 40 convents. If I were to undertake souls one by one I should neglect them by thousands.

My life at Lavington was among green fields, woods, and books, broken with times of great publicity. But I had time for reading and writing. From 1850 to '54 I was still more retired, for I had fairly died to my old life, and I was chiefly in Rome studying. From 1854 to '57 I was out of sight except by constant preaching. For twenty years I have been out of society. Since 1857 my life at Bayswater has been as much out of sight as if I had been in Australia. It has been like a Seminary life or a Sacerdotal Noviciate. Now I wish to change as little as possible, but inasmuch as my external distractions must be so much more, I all the more need a strong defence. And this I must make for myself within my own walls. I should have my time down to 10 o'clock for Mass, Meditation and Office. I should make a Visit and say Office for quarter of an hour before or after dinner. I should have the last hour at night. Two things are especially important: the one is to lose as little time as possible, the other is to converse as much as is possible of God and as in His Presence. I feel sure that men of the world hold cheaply a priest, above all a Bishop, whose talk is like their own. They look for something unlike themselves. I strongly feel that a Bishop's House should be one in which no one must be surprised or restrained at hearing the most sacred subjects spoken of and in the gravest tone.

Another point coming under the Spirit of Poverty is almsgiving. Since I went to Bayswater I feel I have not given alms enough. This has not arisen from want of charity but from a necessity. I had given all I possessed for the work there and I often hardly had money in my pocket. I was unable to judge who needed it and how much they needed. I had as many Almoners as there were Fathers in the Parish, so that I used to send all the cases to

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them. But this must have got me a worse name than I deserved. St. Alphonsus was very large-handed especially with penitents. I feel that a Bishop ought to be a man of alms, and if unable to investigate cases himself he ought to charge his chaplain with the duty. This I purpose to do.

Seventh Day.—I feel fully convinced that as Faith without Charity is dead, so the perfection of the Church is not its Light, but its Love and the perfection of a Pastor is not in what he teaches, but in what he does and what he is. I feel convinced that St. Vincent de Paul took the short cut when he went straight to works of Charity. The two bodies who prosper at the day most visibly are the Sisters of Charity and the Little Sisters of the Poor. The prosperity of these last in England and Scotland among Protestants is proof beyond doubt.

By nature I am very irascible, and till the Grace of God converted me I was proud, cold and repulsive. Since then I hope less so, but I have always been cold and distant except to those whom I personally loved. Yet I believe my first impulse is to love and to like everybody. It is on second thoughts that I dislike anyone. From 1833 to 1850, I received a measure of love, kindness, favour, popularity which exceeded all my deserving and was a danger to me. When I became a Catholic I broke all these bonds. I was forced to use my strength and to make exertion of mind and will which disturbed and offended people. Then they did not spare me. And I had to defend myself and strike. Then afterwards I had to pass through an austere time. When I entered the Church I had much to suffer, less from Protestants than from Catholics, less from old Catholics than from converts, excepting only the Chapter affair. In these fourteen years I have been with all my strength put out, sometimes warding off blows, sometimes rowing at the oar, and I know that both in word and in will my character has changed from the passive state under the Fig Tree to an attitude of hard toil, sometimes also of warfare. In one sense I have become less charitable and I know I have

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become, or at least have been accused of imperiousness, presumptiveness, sharpness, suddenness and the like. But this has been, I believe, inevitable. When I was in a system of compromise, I tried to mediate, reconcile and unite together those who differed. When I entered a system which, being divine, is definite and uncompromising, I threw myself with my whole soul and strength into its mind, will and action. So it must be to the end. Less definite, positive, uncompromising, aggressive, I can never be. God forbid. But I will try to do it *charitate formatus*. It is a blessed Noviciate to have gone through the unpopularity of the last eight years. It will keep me watching and hinder me from committing myself to any man, because I know by sad experience what is in man. My desire is to move men to do freely and gladly what is required by God and His Church. First of all, in my relations with the Bishops I desire to proceed with the utmost measure of humility, respect, forbearance. Next, with the Priests, endeavouring to treat them as Fathers and Brethren and Friends in the fullest sense. With this view to live among them as much as I can, inviting them to me, going to them, making them feel that they can say anything to me, come to confession to me, as all my dear Fathers and Brethren at St. Mary's have done. As to the Religious, both Converts and Monasteries, I feel a great hope that their charity will make my task to be charitable easy. Next for the Laity, I wish them to feel that I have no desire but their welfare, that I seek not them but their souls. But I wish that the poorest may feel confident of a welcome as the richest. Now I resolve by God's help to guard against coldness, haste, haughtiness and distance of manner. To be most of all on my guard in this when dealing with the poor or the humbled or the unhappy. To treat Priests as *alter Christus* with great respect both in word and in bearing. To bear contradiction without answering. To let time elapse before answering if answer I must. To make others read over all letters in contentious correspondence. To indulge no partialities in friendship and to watch

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against the formation of a clique or coterie about me. To visit or write to thousands who are in sorrow. To bear with all rudenesses, slights and insolence, not only with silence but with sweetness. Much is unconscious, much never intended, much is from want of education. Perhaps, having suffered so much in these years Our Lord may give me, as Fr. Rymer says, a peaceful and prosperous reign. Perhaps not, as F. W. says. I do not expect this calm to be unbroken.

When I begin to speak breezes will come, not storms. But I think my day may have great trial by the invasion of rationalism and infidelity among Catholics and by No Popery fury. When I look down upon London from this garden and know that there are before me nearly 3,000,000 of men of whom only 200,000 are nominally in the Faith and Grace of the Church, that 1,500,000 never set foot in any place of even fragmentary Christian worship, that hundreds of thousands are living and dying without baptism, in all sins of the flesh and spirit, in all that Nineveh and the Cities of the Plain and Imperial Rome ever committed, that it is the Capital of the most anti-Christian Power of the nominally Christian world and the head of its anti-Christian spirit, that in a moment it might be set on fire with fury against the Catholic and Roman Church, and that there are multitudes who would do it, if they could, I confess I feel that we are walking on the waters and that nothing but the word and presence of Jesus makes this great calm. I feel sure that the mission for London is to preach the Love of God and the Love of Jesus, and that in the spirit and the voice of love. They will listen to no denunciations and no controversy. They will only stone us before they understand us. After the Sun has shone the plough may follow. They will be more than ever my Chalice. To labour and to suffer for souls who will not be redeemed. To labour and suffer in vain, to say *qua utilitas in sanguine meo*, to go down into the fire and into the water to save souls and to be wounded by them, all this I look for. And I look to be chiefly wounded as Jesus was by my own brethren. And I

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desire not to be sharpened or irritated, provoked or excited, but to receive it all as passively as a dead man. All these hosannas are but for a time—a sort of holiday of the kind hearts here and there. The great deep remains ready to lift itself up when the time comes. It is certain if I do the work of the Cross I shall have to be crucified. We must be on it before they come to it. As soon as I begin, the wind will shift and blow shrill and sharp another way. Only let me not provoke it by faults against humility and charity. Then I do not fear. I only ask to walk along the twilight path of faith, solid and safe. So long as I can persevere in grace and in union with God I do not greatly fear anything. The least cloud between Him and my soul is a greater misery than all the crosses the world can inflict.

There is a deep lesson to be learned from the isolation of Jesus, and that is never to make myself or to allow myself to be made the head and centre of a party. When we become identified with works and opinions so as to make them personal matters, self-love is more actual than the love of truth. Now I have well seen all the misery of this all and how implacable and irremediable divisions become. It is exceedingly difficult to encourage good men and to support true principles in the face of opposition without banding together. As to the external sufferings of Jesus, they ought to convince me that I have never suffered anything for Him. My life has, I trust, no great indulgence in it, but it has no mortifications. I wish for just food and raiment. Cold and hunger hinder my work and make me ill. But I should like to eat and drink by measure and never exceed by a drop or a crust beyond what is needed for life and strength. But I know this is not mortification of the body. The memory of Blessed Paul's discipline of steel blades at *S. Giovanni e Paolo* makes me ashamed of writing this under his roof. If I am unable to use bodily mortification I feel all the more bound to use the interior, both of the intellect and the will. I wish to make my pectoral Cross the witness of this promise to Our Dear Lord. And I hereby promise Him to do so. I propose

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to keep before me always St. Charles' devotion to the Burial of Jesus. I suppose he loved it because it was the most perfect humiliation of God Incarnate, to be taken down from the Cross, wound in linen, and hid out of sight in the earth which He had made. I cannot escape many things which will demand of me a heroic patience and self control. To this end I will try to remember the Winding Sheet and the Sepulchre.

Eighth Day.—It has pleased God in His grace to give me many resurrections. And now last of all this great vocation. It is my desire to give myself to it without reserve and to die to everything but this. For the few years that remain I desire to live only for my work. And to begin new relations of charity with everyone. If they revive old griefs, I will not. I feel to have weighed anchor for the last time for a short run home. In the last years I have suffered much. It has saddened and sharpened me. I see it in my face which looks like *ὁ ἀγrios*. I know that I have been thrown in upon myself. I have felt surrounded by unkindness, false interpretations, detractions. All this had an ill effect on me. I have found it in depression and in my depressing other people. I have made it a duty to try and make our recreations joyous, often with a heavy heart. I know particular souls who were already sharp, sad and irritable, over whom if I had been bright and joyous I should have had power more to help and console them. "Behold we bring you tidings of great joy." I desire to spend my last days in this spirit with the joyousness of the eternal home upon me. This I feel sure is the way to win such. I especially desire to be thus to the Priests who have sadnesses and cares enough of their own already and ought to find in me a *Filius consolatoris*.

In 1851 I was making my retreat with the Passionists. During that retreat I received a letter to tell me that the Holy Father had sent me a Cameo in Cornelian of Our Lord's Profile. In fourteen years I am again at Whitsuntide making my retreat, and in the midst of it came a letter from the Holy Father telling me that after many prayers to the Father of Light he had *quam libentissime* committed

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the Church of Westminster to me. He then gives me these injunctions to maintain the Discipline of the Clergy against the world and against our own relaxations, to raise the education of the clergy, to leave nothing untried to bring up souls out of the shadow of death. That I may do so, the Holy Father promises to pray that I may have ever with me the Wisdom which assists at the throne of God, to be with me and to labour with me that I may know what is acceptable to God. I feel this to be my viaticum for the years and days that remain with all their trials and works.

Walking on the terrace and looking down upon London in this broad sunlight has been very moving to me. The Son of God would have wept over it. What beautiful souls are in it, made in the likeness of God, with all the capacities of Eternal Life, the Vision of God and of His Saints, but outcast, disinherited, darkened, stained, poisoned, distorted, disfigured, twice dead! The sight of St. Paul's yesterday evening as the sun went down, the dome clear as a pencil would make it, with all its lines of pilasters and the long nave over the tomb where St. Erconwald once lay; St. Stephen's Chapel and Westminster where St. Edward still rests, all this seemed to cry to me, "Come over and help us." My dear Lord, I willingly give myself to the Cross and the Work Thou hast laid upon me. I bless Thee for having called me to it. I count the work and the toil, the suffering and the Sorrow which may be before me as the brightest crown I could receive on earth. Only let me save my own poor soul, and not stand empty before Thee at Thy coming. I have long said, "Our work is what we are." I trust this retreat has made me more what my work requires me to be. But there is a long interval between what I have written and what I am, and I end as St. Gregory does. *Pulchrum hominem depinxi Pictor foedus*. I laid this book on the High Altar before the Blessed Sacrament, in the Church of the Passionists, Highgate, Whit Monday, June 5th, 1865, at Ave Maria.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

ON KEEPING THE CHURCH CATHOLIC

IT is significant of the small measure of our interest in the Church's progress, as compared with our devotion to the advancement of our country, our order, our business, our school, our paper, our intellect or our spiritual life, that we refuse to recognize in her case the law of life, which is expansion, or at least withhold, to a startling extent, our bounden share of effort towards her increase. No doubt the Kingdom of God is within us, and every step in the direction of personal holiness is a conquest for the Church, and so contributes to her expansion and her life. Individual sanctity helps to keep the Church *Holy*; but a whole island of Saints would fall short and do nothing to keep her *Catholic* if it should (inconceivably) so wrap itself in its own devotion as to be unwilling, by service, alms, or prayer, to forward her expansion far afield.

Nor does purely local effort, in favour of separated elements within reach of our outstretched hand, exhaust the demand made upon us by Catholic zeal; unless a man be conscious of his responsibility in respect of heathendom, his participation in the Church's Catholicity is passive at the best. Hence it is truly a matter of concern how few are the nations on which the Church can count for substantial assistance in her age-long effort to extend her frontiers. In the present cycle of missionary endeavour, Spain and Portugal have had their day; Italy has constantly been represented by a few brilliant names rather than by solid continuity of work; Germany was beginning, before the war, to make business-like effort; Holland is, proportionately, bidding fair to outstrip France; but, for a hundred years, the bulk of the Church's army on the outposts of her empire, of the pioneers, martyrs, builders and defenders, of the money and of the prayers, has been the gift of the Eldest Daughter.

And what of the English-speaking nations? The

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English language will carry you further afield than any other at the present time. It is convenient, if politically unideal, that the American and the Australian and the Canadian have not yet evolved their proper speech, and that the Irish and the Asiatic have not fully kept their own. But if you travel the world and benefit by the widespread intelligibility of English, you will realize all the more keenly what a dark disgrace it is that hitherto this language never has been made the vehicle of Truth to the expectant nations. Protestantism robbed England (and her derivatives) of the missionary vocation ; and her too close contact (to use a mild expression) smothered to a mere spark the Apostolic ardour of the neighbouring Celt.

In India, most especially, England has betrayed her trust. Her outlook upon religion made this inevitable, and she was, from the beginning, powerless to impress the Indians with her Christianity. She said, in effect : " You Hindus have one of the big religions of the world—we have another ; yours is good for you (only we would request you to eliminate the suicidal side-shows) ; ours is good for us (only we don't have anything to show for it, except closing your shops on Sundays). Oh ! and—we nearly forgot—please don't make trouble with the Mahomedans." Islam was even better treated, and I have heard a " priest-man " boasting that Lord So-and-So said his prayers in this mosque and presented this chandelier. Meanwhile, when temple property was supposed to be ill-administered, Government undertook the administration ; and whenever there seemed to be a good demand for some heathen *objet de piété*, Birmingham was notified.

Christianity was presented in the form of Missions and of Schools. As Missions it was hopeless, inherently ; even to you and me the words " Foreign Missions " (albeit representing, to the Catholic, something alive, with a history to be proud of) are contaminated by association with that unnatural (and consequently sterile) phenomenon, the Protestant Mission in a Pagan land—an

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agency for destroying the adherence of the needy Gentile to his religious practices (though not necessarily to his belief in their efficacy); for teaching Bible quotations and phraseology to illiterate outcasts; and for enthroning the spirit of Doubt and the spirit of Pride where simplicity reigned before. This may seem a harsh indictment, but it will be borne out by ever so little association with the "convert" of a Protestant Mission; and, when I said that the process was "unnatural," I meant precisely that it offered nothing corresponding to the Indian's innate need of a religion. Indeed it has always been a mystery to me how so loose a dogma and so adulterated a faith (amounting to little more than a variable opinion) could have the cool audacity to present itself seriously as an inspired religion; and, as it turns out, the "convert" will be mostly found to be converted negatively—that is, deprived of all belief. The Protestant schools have, undoubtedly, done more for Christianity; for a Hindu can at least respect a successful school or college, which has something to offer besides soup (in the form of loin-cloths) and mental chaos. Nevertheless, much of the school work, especially in the villages, could be withdrawn without one particle of loss to Christianity.

England, therefore, has offered India next to nothing to feed her soul. Indeed, how could she? A Catholic England would have acted otherwise; it might perhaps have gone too far in the direction of imposing the Faith, as Portugal did in Goa; or it would have been tolerant—though its tolerance would have been not for the false religions, but for the misguided individuals who practise them; in any case it would have substituted ritual for ritual, symbolism for symbolism, sacrifice for sacrifice, truth (and not doubt) for error. But Protestantism has thrown overboard not only the practices of religion but the very sense of Faith; and what avails it to preach private interpretation and mistrust of Rome to the languid peasantry or the pert citizens of South Arcot? The Catholic Church, meanwhile, has her unalterable message for the world. She has delivered it, to some

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extent, in India, and fought for it even to her martyrs' blood. But she has not her English-speaking children to bless for it. So little, indeed, that the friendly Anglo-Indian does not even know that a Catholic priest is usually "Father." The occupant of the upper berth called down to me the other night: "Well, Padre, it's a rough night." And when I answered "*E vero, signore*," he gave me as stiff an "I beg your pardon" as the Saxon knows how. "I mean that the English for *Padre* is *Father*, and that the Italian form does not appeal to me," I said. We were both sea-sick and so exempted from good manners. He snapped back that he thought all Catholic priests in India were "foreigners" and that all "foreign" priests were "Padres." Nor was he far wrong; he could probably count on his ten fingers the English priests in India; the Americans are not more numerous; Canadians and Australians simply do not exist; even the Irish are but a sprinkling. This situation would be bad enough if it meant simply that the work was being done by others because of our own shirking; but in point of fact, while it is true that the Continental Missioners are doing all the work that is being done (and doing it with superb tenacity), it is no less certain that their numbers are woefully insufficient and that a good part of the obviously necessary work is not being done at all.

Of these French and Belgian, Spanish and Italian, Dutch and German Missioners, many have received individual recognition from the British in India; but the general attitude of the Government is one of aloofness, not to say suspiciousness. The British official will be courteous to the priest; he will be hospitable when occasion offers; he will be just to the Christians when the law which he administers does not mummify justice; he will be generous with public lands and funds in their favour when their cause is not worse presented than that of their pagan equals. But he has always stubbornly refused to realize that the Missioners know the people better than he knows them, that the priest has that to dispense which a Christian government should (even with

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a view to its own advantage) help him in dispensing, and that the "Padre" is no politician. The Missioner, he seems to argue, is the agent of a Kingdom that is not hence; then why does he champion the human interests of his flock? and why does he wear whiskers? and why is his English broken? Certainly he is devoted, but his very devotedness may cover some deep-laid scheme. It has become trite to talk of official stupidity, but the truism is something vividly real to the Missioner in India, even though he be ready to associate with it much private good-fellowship and no lack of good intentions.

So much for official recognition of the Missioners in a country managed by the British. Now for the Catholic public of English-speaking countries and the financial support with which it backs the Church's ambassadors to heathendom. In England the Propagation of the Faith Society and the Mill Hill Missioners do *some* collecting, but the response is not such as to warrant enthusiastic praise for the prevailing "Catholic" spirit. Until the present century, Ireland and America were not less backward than England in providing men and means for the Church's apostolate in pagan lands. But, though neither country boasts Colonial pretensions, they have both, in their generation, begun seriously to grow conscious of the meaning of Catholicity. Strangely enough, both have set their heart on China, to the (temporary, no doubt) exclusion of the more promising Africa, the more poetic India and the more obvious (if far more difficult) Japan. In the matter of alms for the Missions, however, the United States have not localized their interest, and, at the present writing, there is scarcely a Missioner on any of the Church's frontiers but looks confidently to America for the means to carry on his work and to God for a blessing on the Catholics of that nation, in return for assistance in the past.

The advance of Christianity over Paganism is a matter so vital to the Church, and participation in it is a work so essential to the development of genuine Catholicism in any community—faith that does not tend to spread is so

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meaningless a faith—that it is truly amazing how the missionary life has come to be regarded among us as, to say the least, a supererogatory form of self-devotion. Perhaps the fact that the organizing of this branch of Catholic endeavour has been placed in the hands of a Roman Congregation has had the effect of making it seem, to the body Catholic, a technical matter, outside the range of ordinary interest. Yet, in practice, the individual Missioner could die of starvation half a dozen times in succession without Propaganda's being aware of it (or vice versa); the Congregation is a useful office—it is not, nor does it pretend to be, a mother to the Missioner; his own Order or Society may or may not (according to its constitution) fulfil that function; but the real mother of the Missioner is the faith of his native land or of whatever country may step in to fulfil the duties she neglects.

And what the Missioners want at the present time is the increment of a large number of American, English, Irish, Canadian, Australian and other English-speaking Missioners (in existing or in new societies)—and a wide measure of co-operation with them, by prayer and alms, in their native lands. There are still those among clergy and laity alike (and especially among the rich) who are prone to discourage effort in this direction, because of the load of work at home which cannot be adequately carried. The treatment is the same as that for influenza—windows to be thrown open and plenty of air and light let in; internally copious draughts of the reasons supplied by faith, obedience and experience (and by sentiment, too, a flimsy but potent tonic) in favour of the apostolic life. But there is no Catholic missionary literature in English! True, because there has hitherto been no organization capable of bearing the burden of outlay till such time as a demand should be created. But those days must not return—and the fact that the DUBLIN REVIEW has called for a few pages on the subject of the Missions is the harbinger of better times.

I may now be permitted a short excursion into the vexed question of missionary methods. Or rather, no—

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for the simple statement of one common need of all the Missions will convey my meaning without involving me in useless controversy ; and if anyone still thinks that the graven image of a Xavier holding his crucifix aloft beneath a palm-tree is anything other than a symbol, let him pray for my conversion. Meanwhile it is of that which the image symbolizes that I wish to speak. Whether for the purpose of converting Pagans or for the purpose of instructing Christians already made, the Missioner must have at his disposal the largest possible bulk of "teaching material"; if it be claimed that by developing his own spiritual life he will acquire a personal magnetism sufficient for all conquests, I reply, first, that he will no longer, in this hypothesis, be the average Missioner nor the man about whom it is useful for us to talk; and secondly, that such magnetism, if exercised on subordinate teachers rather than on learners, will multiply itself by so much.

What the Missions need are Catechists in plenty. I might say school-teachers, because it is undoubtedly true that unless the brain is moving already it will not work long, nor fast, nor true in regard to Religion ; but, for the present, the generic word may stand. And the Missioner should, essentially, be the officer in command of a force of Catechists, with the Bishop as general. This may seem obvious enough ; indeed, its truth applies, to a surprising extent, to the priests in England or France or Ireland or America. But in fact it is hardly more put in practice in China or in India than at home. Far less so, if schools be considered ; there are not, in Asia, half a dozen diocesan inspectors of schools ; and our Missioners are doing everything, from brick-laying to law-making, except attending to the organization of primary education on efficient Catholic lines. In the matter of Catechists even, there is a painful deficiency. But it would be rash for the reader to conclude that I am blaming the Missionary ; on the contrary he is probably the one member of his clan who has done his duty in the matter.

The Propagation of the Faith Society keeps the Missioners alive—barely that in expensive countries like

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Japan. The Holy Childhood Association provides for the redemption of pagan infants. But who pays our Teachers and Catechists? Nobody—and that is precisely why we have none, or next to none. I have seen Missioners live on rice and curry (to the exclusion even of camp-bread) in order to pay a Catechist; I have seen a priest of seventy do all his travelling on foot to keep the services of a half-educated Teacher; and I have seen schools closed for lack of the ten shillings a month that could have kept them open. And how, under Heaven, can one *organize* or *centralize* or *control* or *direct* teaching efforts based in this way upon the initiative, self-sacrifice or begging ability of the individual priest? One can't, and one doesn't. And consequently each Missioner spares what time he can from his multifarious duties, to teach the children; and he spares what money he can from his multitudinous calls, to pay a few poor teachers. And the rest of the mountains of work all around him is simply left undone. And so it happens that you or I can come and look around the Missions from Tokyo to Travancore, and find that we are not organized, nor *outillés*, for spreading the Faith. But the fault lies largely with our friends at home, and it is time we told them so.

There is room for a world-wide organization to provide ways and means for the teaching of Catechism as well in the Church's strongholds as in her outposts. Let the alive Catholic be on the look-out for its beginnings, and do his share of co-operation both at home and abroad. And meanwhile let him take stock of the responsibilities incumbent upon him by reason of his membership in a Universal Church, and let him put away for ever his prejudice against the only justifiable imperialism in the world, that which strains to spread the reign of Truth. In what measure he fails of active sympathy with this effort, in such measure does he murder Christianity. While the winds of heaven, careering across the seas, avail to keep them throbbing and alive, so long, around the ocean fringe, the moving waters will wage their patient, age-long warfare on the land, counting no victory too

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slight, no obstacle too great, in pursuit of their inevitable triumph. But withdraw the power of the winds ; make all the waters one dead surface ; smoothe out the crushing breakers and the lapping ripples ; stagnation will breed corruption ; majesty will vanish along with power ; and victory will be made over to the land.

While the Spirit of Faith, borne across the Church, avails to stir up sacrifice and work and prayer, so long will these impulses be carried to her farthest edges, along which her Missioners wage their ceaseless and unhurried warfare against untruth, counting no victory too slight, no obstacle too great, in pursuit of their inevitable triumph. But, should it come to pass that the Spirit of Faith should lose its effective power, and the Church be stilled from her necessary breaking on the shores of infidelity, she would quickly cease to be herself ; she would split up into national and parochial sects, forfeit her majesty with her unity, and fall an easy prey to the lies she is set up to check and overthrow.

Such a consummation is impossible. But patches of the ocean may lie dead, becalmed. And countries once alive with missionary zeal may grow selfish for a time and need a renewed impulse (an indirect one, possibly, like the movement of our generation towards Communion) to put them in touch again with the effort that makes the Church Catholic and keeps her so. Definitive self-centredness would not by very long precede first withering, then schism.

He, then, that shall sound the trumpet and enlist the English-speaking nations in the Apostolate of the World will deserve well of Catholicity. And his first care must be to find a phrase in substitution for "The Foreign Missions," in order that, along with this tainted and outworn term, we may throw behind us our supercilious unsympathy for the thing it represents.

T. GAVAN DUFFY.

KENELM DIGBY*

THERE is a beautiful old word in Latin—the word “*pietas*”—which implies reverence with gratitude, shown towards ancestors of the flesh or the spirit by those who remember benefits as they ought. Such piety is the more commendable when, during lifetime, little acknowledgment, or none at all, has fallen to the lot of benefactors, and now they “rest in unvisited tombs.” Among authors, “never well known, but in our day mostly forgotten, I fear we must register Kenelm Digby, though he wrote and published at his own expense thirty-eight volumes in prose and verse; of which *The Broad Stone of Honour* was the prelude to *Mores Catholici*; and *Compitum, or the Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church*, proved to be the true epilogue. These vast monuments of faith unfeigned, lit up by an erudition which not even Lord Acton or Professor Saintsbury could have surpassed, deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance; but who will pretend that he has mastered them? “*Aut duo aut nemo*,” cries the poet. Myself, however deeply travelled in their pages, and whilst agreeing heartily with Ambrose Phillips de Lisle that “their study would delight the angels,” I am less acquainted with some of Digby’s volumes than with George Sand, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand—brilliant examples of the same school in literature, yet by no means at one in doctrine. They were children of the Romantic Movement, betraying the sentimental enthusiasm of Jean Jacques, the Celtic strain of Ossian, the return on many paths beyond Voltaire, beyond the Renaissance, to the architecture, ritual, poetry, chivalry, forest and fairy lore, of the Middle Ages, and all touching Sir Walter Scott or touched by him. Their story is a rounded ring of gold mingled with alloy; but the purest gold shines in Digby’s lovely work, and he is forgotten.

* *Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby.* By Bernard Holland, C.B. (Longmans).

The Broad Stone of Honour, and Digby’s other Works.

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Not, indeed, by all. Not by Mr. Bernard Holland, who has read up and down this inexhaustible library for twenty years, and who now puts forth a *Memoir*, marked, as we should anticipate from his other composition, by grace of style, delicately wrought expression of feeling, and Catholic spirit. Nor by me, whose first lessons in Digby's "angelic" school go back (I am proud or dismayed to recall) as much as sixty years; and not once have I wavered in my allegiance or my rendering of the effect which his writings create when I turn to them. It is like the day of a First Communion, pure light and cloudless joy, in a sanctuary where perfect peace reigns. For it is a revelation, as though of some great Sacramentary, in which Missal, Breviary, and the Golden Legend of the Saints were bound up together. I do not marvel when Julius Hare speaks of *The Broad Stone of Honour* as something to be loved next to the Bible. Standing years ago by the side of the Prussian soldier who had guided me up to the battlements of Ehrenbreitstein, how could I think of anyone but Digby as I looked down on the waters of Rhine and Moselle meeting? His happy title had brought me to that height. No marvel if Ruskin, who first learned from the same volumes to "love nobleness," kept them on a special shelf with books he prized. I am glad to think how often, in school days, I went by Shaftesbury House, where Digby lived at Kensington; and that we must have often heard Mass together (I, perhaps, serving at it) in the poor little old "chapel" of Holland Street, which Lucas Malet has glorified since with her *Far Horizon*. "*O le bon vieux temps que ce siècle de fer!*" They were hard times for me, and, as the touching story given us now brings home to every one that cares about our teacher still, sad times for him; but the grace of Heaven was not wanting. And so both Mr. Holland's choice memorial and these fugitive remarks upon it may claim the privilege of that quality which the word "*pietas*" denotes—a grateful reverence for the dead author who has done us good. In what, precisely, did the good show itself? I will try to interpret my own

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sense of it, while keeping modestly in the wake of Digby's biographer.

"The Celtic strain of Ossian," I said. Chateaubriand, who is ancestor to the whole of this modern apologetic, was French and Breton; in other words, a Celt with a difference. Who were the Digbys? Without losing ourselves in the herald's labyrinth, we may describe them as old English, perhaps of a village so named in Lincolnshire, descendants of Ælmer, who held land in Edward the Confessor's time in Leicestershire; and they branched out widely, never falling extinct, but gaining titles and properties, with adventures, misfortunes, and a singularly varied fame in history, both black and white. Everard Digby is a name of double significance, and so is Kenelm. There was the first Everard, High Sheriff of Rutland, who was killed in 1401, at the battle "between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire" (see *King Henry VI*, Part III, Act ii, Scene 4), "fighting on the defeated and more romantic Lancastrian side." But there was also the second Everard, coming down from one of this man's sons, an accomplice for friendship's sake of the fascinating villain Catesby in the Gunpowder Plot, and a sincere Catholic, though caught up in that abominable web of murder, and, at the age of twenty-four, executed in 1606 near St. Paul's Cathedral. His son was the still more celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, the wonder of his age for beauty, strength, and versatile genius, who "sometimes played the sage philosopher, at others the gay courtier, at one time the pious theologian, at another the unscrupulous libertine; and he could with equal ease act the part of the healing physician, or the murderous duellist; the astute modern diplomatist, or the almost obsolete astrologer; the coolly calculating man of science, or the superstitious dupe of the spiritualist medium." I borrow this lively account of Sir Kenelm from his descendant and biographer, Mr. T. Longueville, who has given us, likewise, the sad story of Sir Everard the conspirator.

Mr. Longueville's bright and thoughtful delineation of these men, both in a conspicuous degree highly fantastical,

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heroic, and unfortunate despite their natural gifts, has a bearing on the present subject, although from them our Kenelm was not derived, but from the common ancestor slain at Towton. In physical and mental characteristics he shared with his kinsfolk of the Stuart period not a little. They were a race of Cavaliers, at no time Puritans or Roundheads, passionate scholars and lovers of their friends, knights errant, devoted to a quest, though, in the case of Sir Everard, fatally misled. About them always an atmosphere as of "Euphues" and "Il Cortegiano" may be detected. And we pity them, feeling that they were made for some better, some less material and workaday world than ours. Despite his undeniable guilt, says Mr. Longueville of Sir Everard, he "died like a good Christian, a courteous gentleman, and a courageous Englishman." Sir Kenelm, too, for all his extraordinary turnings about in religion and his surely unparalleled loyalty both to the Stuarts and to Cromwell, strikes the reader as essentially a true man and not a liar, as what I have called him already, "versatile" but not false. Happily, in the life of his modern namesake, we find nothing that needs excuse or so much as explanation. But he, too, indulges the "fantastical luxury of various knowledge" as the older Kenelm did—a charge that Johnson brings somewhat morosely against Milton, to which more than one of us might plead guilty. And in all these Digbys the romance of life carries them high above its commonplace, so that they move in a waking dream; but it is a dream of some grand Elysium, the City of God and Man.

Sir Simon Digby, of Coteshill (not far from where I am writing), was a son of the Everard who fell in defence of the Red Rose at Towton, and himself, with six brothers, took a valiant part, though questionable, in pulling down Richard Crookback on Bosworth Field. One hundred and fifteen years afterwards, Sir Robert Digby, fifth in direct line from this well-rewarded champion of Richmond, married, in 1600, Lettice Fitzgerald, destined to become Baroness Offaley, and to be given lands of her

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ancestors, the Earls of Kildare, whose "heir-general" she was acknowledged to be. She stood a siege of her castle, known as Geashill in the King's County, during the year 1642; her splendid answer to the assailants can be read in the *Broad Stone of Honour*, a fitting place for it. The younger brother of Sir Robert became, in 1622, Earl of Bristol; he it was who went as ambassador to Madrid in that unlucky affair of Prince Charles's expedition to marry the Infanta; but Lord Digby, his son, who became the second Earl and finally a Catholic, occupies the larger space in Clarendon's *History*. This line died out in 1698. Not so the elder, which was the Irish line; for in 1620 a second Robert, son of the first and of his wife the Baroness Offaley, comes upon the scene as Baron Digby of Geashill, and from his eldest son descended the existing Barons Digby of Sherborne, Dorset. Still keeping to the original Irish progenitors, Sir Robert and Lady Offaley, we have to mention their younger son, Essex Digby, who was made Protestant Bishop of Dromore; and his son again, Simon, Bishop of Elphin, a Jacobite, who died in 1720. Four daughters of this latter prelate married clergymen, two of his sons were ordained. But his eldest, John Digby of Landestown, the grandfather of Kenelm, was the highly respected Member for Kildare in the Irish House of Commons. John's second surviving son was William, Dean of Clonfert and Rector of Geashill, who was married three times, and by his third wife, Mary Wood, a relation of the Edgworth family, he became the father of two sons, Richard and Kenelm. The latter was born at Geashill Rectory, either in 1797 or in one of the immediately following years; he died on March 22nd, 1880.

I have copied this intricate pedigree to bring out certain features in the race from which Kenelm Digby sprang. They were unswerving Royalists, and either loyal adherents of the Established Church or occasionally converts to the old religion. They spread abroad on both sides of the Irish sea; held considerable positions in Church and State; enjoyed the advantages consequent on birth, rank, and wealth; and took their own way with

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an obstinacy which popular opinion did not subdue. George Lord Digby is noted by Clarendon as at one time "the most universally odious man in the Kingdom." The Bishop of Elphin, who saw James II at dawn, after the battle of the Boyne, riding south, his hat slouched for concealment, dies a Jacobite in 1720. Nowhere do we come upon a trace of surrender to the victorious movement which, as the English, American, and French Revolution, in a century and a half, succeeded in changing the face of the world. Kenelm's kinsman, Lord Bristol, fought for Charles I and went into exile with Charles II. His mother's kinsman, the Abbé Edgworth of Firmount, stood by Louis XVI at his execution, and died long after at Mitau, ministering to plague-stricken patients, as a friend of Louis XVIII, who was living there by order of the Russian Court. In Kenelm's recollections, his Irish birthplace would be twined with memories of the Royalists who shed their blood at Sherborne Castle, and of the last tragic scene in the Place de la Révolution. France would be as dear to him as Ireland; but it was the France of the lilies, not of the tricolour. With Joseph de Maistre he clung to the alliance of throne and altar; with M. de Vitrolles he preferred the Bourbons to the aspiring House of Orleans; and, like so many other Irish gentlemen, he delighted in French society, often making his home in Paris until the terrible three days of June, 1848, drove him away. Plant him in the Seventeenth Century and he would have done what his forefathers did, fighting for the Red Rose beside his King; but he moved along the Nineteenth, disdainful of its war-cries "science, progress, democracy"; and perhaps he gloried a little in being the anachronism which his books smilingly exhibit, and which he was called by Chateaubriand.

Kenelm was sent to school at Petersham, near Richmond, learned rowing on the Thames, and proceeded in 1815 to Trinity College, Cambridge. It is among his forgotten merits that he introduced real racing "on the Cam" and "pulled number seven in Trinity's first famous boat"—an achievement which still awaits public

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recognition. Mr. Holland draws a slight but brilliantly-toned sketch of the Trinity College, Cambridge, of those days, between 1815 and 1830. Its high table was then "massively intellectual," witness the names of Wordsworth, Whewell, Sedgwick, Thirlwall, Hugh Rose, and Julius Hare. The last-mentioned was one of Kenelm's teachers and his devoted friend. Thanks to Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, many have a somewhat unfavourable half-length portrait in their minds of Julius Hare, who was, in fact, a pattern clergyman with Lutheran opinions, but likewise an admirer of such Catholic writers as Ronald, Stolberg, F. Schlegel, and others belonging to the Romantic School. He lent their works to Digby, teaching him at the same time to distrust Locke and Paley, to despise the Protestant prejudices of Bishop Burnet, and to cultivate a religious philosophy founded with Pascal on the heart's own reasons, not on a dry logic of *evidences*. Digby himself practised his lifelong art of friendship "mid the willows"; learnt from Whewell "to distinguish the true bounds of reason"; plunged into Scott romances, tales of chivalry, mediæval chronicles; aimed at becoming a "very perfect knight"; and thereto kept vigil in King's College glorious chapel, and with a like-minded comrade, George Darby, set up a tournament at Marklye in Sussex, riding also by night, spear in hand, to the walls of Hurstmonceaux Castle. These anticipations of "Young England," or prophecies of *Coningsby*, make us wonder if Disraeli took some of his glittering adornments from Digby's pages without acknowledgment. It was a way he had. Moreover, the "Young England" movement is traceable directly to George Smythe, afterwards Viscount Strangford, and Lord John Manners, both of Cambridge, in feeling ardent cavaliers of the genuine Vandyck period. We may often become aware of Digby's influence, hardly or not at all advertised, but still powerful, in the lives of more famous men. With his biographer we can assert that now and again he "taught the teachers," as Ruskin allows of himself in a striking passage to be quoted by and by.

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"He was a chivalric figure," says Mr. Holland, "over six feet in height, strongly built, with dark hair and eyes, a fine forehead." Another Trinity man, Edward Fitzgerald, the "Old Fitz" of Tennyson and Omar, describes him in *Euphranor* as "a grand, swarthy fellow, who might have stepped out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in his father's house." We are, in fact, reminded by Digby's height and physical strength of the pictures Mr. Longueville has copied into his own volumes, representing Sir Everard and Sir Kenelm. He was certainly "at all points a man of grand proportion and figure, becoming his ancient and honourable race." Yet again, this athletic rower and swimmer, who, rejoicing in his strength, buffeted the waters of the Rhine and many a perilous lake abroad, was endowed with an intellectual faculty which carried him into the study of languages and literatures, never tiring till he died at eighty, but learning still. At two-and-twenty, when he wrote the *Broad Stone of Honour*, his knowledge of books ancient, mediæval, modern, can have been surpassed by no young man of his age, not even by Macaulay, who came to Trinity in 1818. Other celebrated undergraduates of that College, R. C. Trench, F. D. Maurice, Sterling, Fitzgerald, Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, never attained to such wide erudition, the fruit of a lifetime seemingly spent in libraries, and remarkable for its verbal accuracy, its apposite employment of the authors laid under tribute its almost unfailing felicity in place and context. Digby's own choice of language is pure, harmonious, exceedingly refined, charged with associations from the poets, now and again pleasantly archaic, yet never affected or even quaint, but that of a gentleman among his equals. If St. Francis de Sales had written in English, he would seldom have chosen differently. It is a flowing and generous style, the turns and phrases of which, as I at least have found, stick faster than one might suppose from their unstudied movement.

In saying all this I am leading up to the natural (and, surely, the predestined) consummation of Digby's

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youthful studies. He became a Catholic. It was in the autumn of 1825 ; and on December 21st of the same year, another Trinity man, soon to be his dear friend, Ambrose March Lisle Phillips, was received into the Church. Let us bear the date in mind. Mr. Holland calls attention to a point in history sometimes overlooked, that conversions to the Faith were unknown in England before the Tractarian revival of Catholic ideas. Digby and Lisle Phillips were pioneers ; and in 1830 George Spencer, also of Trinity, came in, without being drawn by a Movement which had not yet begun at Oxford, though its effective causes were already working there in various minds. Its actual origin is referred to July, 1833, when Keble preached in St. Mary's on "National Apostacy," and the meeting was held at Hadleigh in Suffolk, the rectory of Mr. H. Rose, from which sprang the Association in defence of the Prayer-Book, and also the *Tracts for the Times*. Mr. Rose, we have observed, was himself of Trinity, Cambridge. By that date, Digby and Phillips had been more than seven years devout members of the Church, owing their conversion under God to the larger Movement of return which was then passing over Western Europe, and which not only brought in men like Görres and Schlegel, but created a new German Catholic literature. Digby never touched more than the fringe of the Oxford movement. He admired Faber and has quoted from his sermons at the Oratory ; I do not recall any citation except a very beautiful one out of *Callista* from Newman ; but who can be sure in a world of reading so vast ? The matter which deserves to be noted is that, while Tractarians had little or no concern with Catholics abroad, others, like Wiseman, Digby, and Phillips, cultivated foreign relations, especially German and French, as if to undo the work of the Reformation not in England only, but in Europe. When Digby condescends to polemics, which was ever with reluctance, as in the books "Morus" and "Orlandus" of the *Broad Stone*, and in *Evenings on the Thames*, he takes Milner's attitude, becomes severe and almost harsh, with an indignation

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sharpened by his early readings in Strype, whom Mr. Holland calls "that honest old Protestant"; and he feels no desire for "corporate reunion," which his friend and brother-pioneer would have advanced so far as permissible. Had Lord Acton, under less baleful stars, combined with Dr. Döllinger, as that great scholar showed himself when Möhler lived and wrote, to carry this larger Movement forward, how different might have been the fortunes of Germany and England!

Digby's conversion left him with friends in Cambridge unaltered; he stayed on several years, haunting the libraries, and while an undergraduate was allowed to ride over on Sundays to the "still fair chapel" of St. Edmund's, Old Hall, where he went to Communion, heard Mass and Vespers. He was already an author, and on the way to fame. In 1822 he published *The Broad Stone of Honour, or the True Sense and Practice of Chivalry*, calling its parts after "Godfredus" and "Tancredus," heroes of the First Crusade. It was well received, and a second edition came out next year. Julius Hare's commendation of "that noble manual for gentlemen" appeared in his *Guesses at Truth* during 1826, exactly at the moment when Digby, who had bought up the old copies, was on the eve of sending out a larger and revised edition, as if his book, like himself, must undergo conversion. The new text, with its judgments of Luther and Calvin, did not please Hare. Yet he granted that "The author's style, in language and thought, has become more mature and still more beautiful . . . if he loses himself it is among the stars." He counted Digby's friendship "a blessed privilege"; but his alarm increased with each instalment of the succeeding work, *Mores Catholici*; in 1842 he charged Digby in a private correspondence with "virulent bigotry," and in 1847 his *Guesses at Truth* became still more hostile. By what seems to us born Catholics a strange delusion, Hare idolized Luther, a feat I should think impossible to any man who has glanced at the portrait of Brother Martin, prefixed to the German Bible which lies open before me while I pen these words.

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But Hare esteemed him second only to St. Paul, and called the subverter of Christendom "my own great and beloved benefactor."

It was in 1829 or 1830, while Digby was living partly at Cambridge and partly at St. Germain-en-Laye, that he began *Mores Catholici*, which is beyond a doubt his masterpiece, and which occupied him ten years. Kenelm, like a true knight-errant, took pleasure in travelling. He saw much of England; but from early days he wandered through Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, sketching and taking notes which afterwards lent to all his volumes the charm of personal reminiscence. He never visited Ireland again except for his mother's funeral. The cold Protestant north he avoided, as well as "the soul-sick Prussian nation"—a prophetic word! His great delight, being a "pilgrim of romance," was to leave the beaten paths, to tramp on adventures like the proverbial "poor scholar"; to spend nights in monasteries abroad, which he came to know well and has feelingly described; to muse in ancient forests, above all in that of St. Germain, whence he drew the allegory of *Comptum*; to haunt Roman shrines and cities like Siena, Pisa, Florence, Venice, Ravenna, not *en touriste*, but devoutly in the mood of a mediæval palmer, witnessing "beneath Ausonian skies all those deeds of love practised, and Catholic manners as of old," until there was "danger of mistaking Italy for heaven." What a happy phrase! Standing on the steps of St. John Lateran, we students of the English college have quoted Digby's entrancing prose-poem which gave back that incomparable landscape, now ruined by modern defacements; but the picture was true, and equal to Ruskin's far better known *bravura*, which immortalizes a drive to La Riccia by the Appian Way. It is hard to tear oneself from these memories of a faith illuminated by all that gives to a glorious religion setting of scenery, architecture, and history. However, Digby was not less at home in the Catholic air of South German or Austrian lands—that Styria, for example, which won the heart of Sedgwick as "a

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most lovely country peopled by a most beautiful race, who are simple and kind-hearted beyond everything I have ever seen." I think of my young friend, Anton, at Gastein and cry Amen. These Catholics of the Alpine slopes converted Digby—nor was he the only conquest they have made.

But he found joy likewise in "the sun and dulcet air of brilliant France," to which his writings call us again and again. He lived long years in Paris; beheld the obsequies of Louis XVIII, the last French king buried with royal honours; looked on sadly at the downfall of Charles X, and he heard the firing and saw many dead bodies floating down the Seine in the Three Days of July, 1830. He met Chateaubriand, now old and broken, at early Mass; knew Lacordaire, Lamartine, Mme Swetchine, and made a lifelong friend of Montalembert. He cites Jules Janin repeatedly, as well as with respect; while Michelet, the Romanticist unbeliever, once quoted and praised *Mores Catholici* when lecturing to his students. Let me break out of this magic ring. In 1834, Digby, who was two or three years older than the century, married Jane Mary Dillon, a girl of sixteen, descended from the illustrious house of that name, and on her mother's side from the Plunketts. This union of the early Norman and later Anglo-Irish brought much felicity in its train and golden sorrows. The lady was entirely Catholic by pedigree, French by education, and her *salon* in Paris became the pleasant ground of many friendships. It passed when the Revolution of 1848 swept away Louis Philippe, when the barricades of June fell before the bourgeois Republic's artillery, and when old France finally vanished. The Digby's came to England, lived at many places in the south, especially at Ramsgate, where they attached themselves to the remarkable church of Pugin's design, and in 1857 settled down in Kensington at Shaftesbury House. They had seven children, three boys and four girls, of whom one died in infancy. From 1848 to 1856 was the halcyon season of Digby's life, "in the fine, cheerful-making air of East Kent," a country depicted with exquisite truth of tone and simple feeling

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by this lover of regions unspoilt. The "golden sorrows" I spoke of began there, when John Gerald, the youngest boy, died, and his eldest brother, Thomas, just turned twenty-one, and "tall, gay, gallant," proud of his new commission in the army, followed him within three months, June 25th-October 12th, 1856. A malignant fever carried them both off. In tender pages, almost too moving, of *The Children's Bower*, the father's lament, resigned, but exceedingly sorrowful, may be heard: it is a Catholic "In Memoriam," beautiful, not without hope, and like the Mass of Requiem, upon which the chant of the "Benedicite" breaks in. These little volumes open the second period of Digby's writings, and they bear a distinct character in many ways not resembling his first works. It is time that we looked more closely at the noble trilogy in prose, the *Broad Stone*, the *Ages of Faith*, and *Compitum*, which together build up a Roman arch of triumph grander than Constantine's, reminding us by their contents and plan that St. Augustine's *City of God* might have some day a modern successor. They entitle Digby to be welcomed as the "herald of the Great King"; and though his own century turned a deaf ear to his message, the witness abides. Another time, perhaps, will not be so disobedient to that which is in truth a heavenly vision.

From Digby's own point of view we may, perhaps, term that high emprise "the Divine Adventure." His conception of chivalry led him to write in *Godefridus* that "Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, is become the chief and eternal King of all the really free, generous, and heroic spirits that exist on earth," adding in consequence that "they find themselves compelled to look round for some great bond of fellowship which may embrace all who love order and freedom, light and justice; all men of every climate and language and people." Was a bond so universal to be discovered? Two lines of a mediæval sage, Alanus de Insulis (of Lille), gave the reply:

Mille viæ ducunt homines per sæcula Romam
Qui Dominum toto quærere corde volunt.

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This argument, complete in itself, shows an ideal aim to be realized in a sovereign society and at St. Peter's Confession. Indulging fancy, we might liken *The Broad Stone of Honour* to Dante's *Vita Nuova*; the long upward pilgrimage of *Mores Catholici* to the stages of the *Divina Commedia*, while between *Compitum* and the *De Monarchia* runs a clear analogy no less than a deep contrast. For Digby was never a Ghibelline. Neither was he one to be reckoned, in the disparaging French Liberal dialect, a "clerical," or a man of the sacristy. I think he would have chosen St. Louis, King and Crusader, to be his chief patron. In the quest of chivalry, Caxton gave him the spur; in theology St. Augustine was his master, early and late; but the idea of the perfect reconciliation of human and divine, in the Catholic Church, reigns throughout Bossuet's *Universal History*. It is founded at last on the Incarnation as a fact and a principle, or Christ drawing all things to Himself. Thus do Catholics interpret the word "Renaissance" with Holy Scripture, while Dante has given it a supreme poetical expression, and Digby follows him like a disciple never wearied in his ascent to Paradise.

My copy of *The Broad Stone of Honour* is in that rare edition of 550, five volumes admirably printed and bound, brought out by Quaritch in 1877. It belonged to W. E. Gladstone, who sold it, and has a characteristic note in pencil, though not by him, to the effect that "Digby appears to have read only one side of history, and no Euclid." By Euclid, I presume, the writer meant logic, or the laws of evidence. The censure implied is unjust, and the criticism rather shallow. "*Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est*," says the good Horatian saw. Faithful to his Cambridge philosopher, Whewell and Julius Hare, it was Digby's conviction that we cannot form a judgment of life simply as if it were a problem in mathematics. No reasoning will keep it from being an adventure; but heroic example loyally followed is the right human way. Hence when, just on manhood's threshold, Digby composed for himself and

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his generation *The Book of Youth*. He sought nobleness through all history ; he found it flourishing in the records of chivalry, in the monastic ages, in the Church of the centre, which was not dead and buried, as men of Carlyle's unpardonable ignorance were dreaming, but alive with a springtide vigour, a summer beauty, wherever in Catholic lands he bent his steps. He believed, but he could also bear witness that, so far as modern Governments would let the people alone, the beautiful old virtues put forth blossoms and bore plenteous fruit still. This was the Euclid of life, demonstrated by experience. Did not Holy Scripture teach it, "*ex fructibus cognoscetis*"? We who belong to a later time than Digby's can add our testimony, from all the happier regions not yet entirely laid waste by modern law, commerce, and culture. The argument, so far from being unsound, is seasonable and more cogent than ever. It exhibits one side of history, if you will, but the sunny side, the going up to the Mount of Vision, to the Temple of Peace. These things the Catholic Church did ; this she was, "*in die virtutis suæ, in splendoribus sanctorum*" ; neither has the power of God in her grown old. For we have seen it wherever she comes. Digby told the tale almost a century ago ; we tell it now, and the future will go on telling it when we have passed away.

There is a remarkable purity of the senses and the spirit in Digby's earlier writings, not humour so much as gaiety with tenderness, as of the cheerful dawn. He is never moody like Chateaubriand, or morose like Lamennais ; and if he indites an elegy once and again, his prevailing tone is epical, even Homeric. Ruskin says, in *Modern Painters* (V. ix, 361) : "The reader will find . . . every phase of nobleness illustrated in [Sir] Kenelm Digby's *Broad Stone of Honour*. The best help I have ever had—so far as help depended on the sympathy or praise of others in work . . . was given me when this author, from whom I had first learned to love nobleness, introduced frequent references to my own writings in his *Children's Bower*. From Digby, so Mr. Holland inclines to think, Ruskin

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derived something of his taste for picturesque titles; and their style of sentence, modelled during the first period of each on Hooker, with its long suspended periods, completes by the contrast between this highly wrought rhetoric and the cut and thrust which brooks no delay in modern journalism, a difference reaching beyond language to first principles, as of reaction against revolution. Ruskin delights in calling himself a "violent Tory," of Sir Walter Scott's type. Digby could not offer to his worst enemy the show of violence; his knight-errantry wins by persuasion; but it would make short work of the industrial system and the mere secular State, which is atheism "decreeing injustice by a law." In view of the ruins already piled up, and the yet greater catastrophe looming over us, were not these men prophets?

Undoubtedly; but Digby, at all events, was not a preacher of anarchy; for he had seen the pattern in the Mount of an ordered world, with its own laws, the Eight Beatitudes; and he cried, "*O quam gloriosum est regnum in quo cum Christo gauden omnes Sancti.*" On All Souls' Eve, as he relates, the vision opened before him—inspired (no question) by Dantean meditations—of the multitude which no man could number, that have loved justice and now enjoy, or shall yet enter into, its triumph. This prologue, set in front of the two thousand pages of *Mores Catholici*, is in its grandeur sublime; it obeys the logic of a living religion, transcending yet penetrating all worlds. Its categorical imperative sound forth trumpeted, "*Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram.*" For the Beatitudes are laws of love, and to win them Christians must fulfil all righteousness. In this way the Catholic State also shadows forth and moves on towards the angelic choirs, the thrones, dominations, and virtues of Heaven. Nor is the vision like so many modern Utopias, a dream that dies at the opening day. It took unto itself great power and reigned for nearly a thousand years, checked and thwarted, but proving its quality by works of which Faith was the mainspring, and these lineaments of civilization, having an eternal value, were drawn out

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into heroisms and institutions not yet conquered, however often assailed. Chapter by chapter, during ten years of toil, Digby pursues the demonstration. He considers the Church of those ages in every aspect, her great creations like the Papacy, the Hierarchy, Monasticism, the Military Orders, the schools, universities, hospitals, and their material embodiments in sacred buildings and ecclesiastical arts; the troops of missionaries, the lofty procession of Catholic philosophers, the saintly kings, the peace-makers; and withal the persecutions for justice-sake that must accompany and, at last, crown the martyrs who bear witness to Christ. The epilogue corresponds to the prologue; it is an act of faith and hope in the true Millennium, or consummation of all things in and by the reign of the Saints. And *Mores Catholici* means nothing else than the Catholic creed in action, applied to human conduct from birth until death, "*sub specie eternitatis*."

In the year 1842 a strange thing happened to the Digbys, who were then living at Springfield House, on the outskirts of Southampton. The Rev. R. W. Sibthorpe, Fellow of Magdalen, a disciple of Newman, had been lately received into the Church, and he was passing a Sunday under this Catholic roof. It appears that in a local Dissenting chapel the preacher denounced Sibthorpe as worthy to be burnt; and at 2 a.m. on Tuesday morning Springfield House was found to be on fire. Mr. Sibthorpe had left; but the mansion was consumed, and the family just escaped with their lives. I have always heard that Kenelm showed calmness and courage at this trying scene; but his great collection of books perished in the flames; and it was from a fresh library that he gathered the citations which adorn the concluding pages of *Mores Catholici* and the seven volumes of *Comptium*.

On this attractive sequel to Digby's chief undertaking Mr. Holland observes that in one way it is the more important, as developing from many points of view St. Augustine's idea of the Church considered as the centre of unity and charity. In the long and stately pageant

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which the *Mores* unfolds before its readers, we are shown the effects of that divine energy called Catholic; but in *Comptum* we study the cause or principle of the Christian life as at its centre. And this, in Mr. Holland's apt words, "is something quite different from a political confederation or league of nations, or churches." According to St. Thomas, whom Dante follows, the more perfect is vital unity so much the grander will be its manifestations. The Roman Church, like Jerusalem, is a sacred city, "*cujus participatio ejus in idipsum*," all its parts conspire to one form and pressure of holiness; therefore, it can be world-wide yet undivided. Or, taking up Digby's "composition of place," which he borrowed from his beloved Forest of St. Germain, all roads lead to Rome, or else they stray into morass and desert, and become paths of lost steps. How true the analogy we learn from that "road of the four winds," along which the peoples who have turned their faces away from the Vatican mount of prophecy are stumbling as if blindfold, they know not whither. Carlyle praised loyal obedience in return for loving guidance, and on paper, at least, he sought an authority which his mind and spirit could own. He never found it, in spite of his devotion to the genius of Goethe. For it is not one man's genius, but the tradition of Humanity, purged and enlightened by the Gospel, wherein we can put our trust. Again, St. Augustine warns us, "*Nihil infelicius est homine cui sua figmenta dominantur*"; or, as the Tractarian leader, almost translating him, wrote in those years, "New creeds, private opinions, self-devised practices are delusions, and the division of churches is the corruption of hearts."

My space, narrowing swiftly, bids me make an end. I crave leave to set down a couple of observations which ought not to be passed over. One is that Digby ever appeals to the ancient classics, but especially to Homer, Plato, and the Greek tragedians, with a ready reference which is often, so far as I know, unexampled save in the trained critic, and with a confidence in their wisdom as

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if "thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given." It is the philosophy, we must repeat, of Augustine, Aquinas, and the supreme Catholic poet. Using more modern terms, we take to our hearts the Hellenic and Roman volumes, with due revision, because in them we find principles of true civilization laid down, and high instances brought forward of the light still left in man, or graciously bestowed on him by way of preparation for the Catholic economy. Thus, instead of divorcing sacred and secular, we unite them in the "great mystery," or sacrament, of Christ and His Church. But my second remark is a question. Why did these volumes, abounding in the beauty of holiness, find few readers, falling as it were dead from the press and since unknown as if they had never been?

Various reasons may be thrown out, all concurring to a disastrous failure—the mode of publication by parts, with little advertisement, of learned and immense treatises, neither essays nor histories, full of quotations from many languages, and those not rendered into English; while the long sauntering style deterred men from following it who could not keep their thoughts on a stretch—all this counts, and is undeniable. But silence of reviewers, and apathy of the public, had their origin, I believe, in Digby's constant attitude, which was that of aloofness from his age, not so much proud as inevitable in the knightly mediæval Catholic, the Royalist and contemplative philosopher, who had been cast into a century and a world "not moving to his mind." On the contrary, loud boasting of its unbelief in all he held dear. His time was gone—or was it, perhaps, not yet come? For we have seen the Pagan Renaissance, Protestant Reformation, French and other Revolutions, German Cæsarism, and general anarchy of opinions, ending in a chaos of darkness and blood. But the Catholic Church stands where she did; "*stat crux dum volvitur orbis*"; and she is not afraid of the days before her.

Digby wrote other books, with quotations from authors more recent, and a deal of pleasant verse, not claiming to

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be high poetry, but rich in glances over his lifetime. Under the rubric of *The Chapel of St. John* he dedicated a very beautiful volume to his wife's memory after her tragic death in 1860. His own death, after domestic trials and a strenuous never-ceasing course of study and authorship, took place on March 22nd, 1880. For me, at this present, the rest is silence. Were I to sum up the character, gifts, and achievements of this Irish cavalier, scholar, gentleman, and perfect Catholic, I would write them in a single sentence, "Here lies the Fra' Angelico of Christian apologetics." Better still to rehearse the closing words, in his favourite black-letter, of *Orlandus*, the book which brings the *Broad Stone of Honour* to its solemn conclusion: "He would have prayed you all, if you heard never more of him, to pray for his soul."

WILLIAM BARRY.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL*

THERE can be but few persons who have not heard of that ancient home of medical study casually known as "Barts," even if they have but learnt of its existence from the pages of *Pickwick*.

For eight centuries it has been at work, and yet has awaited its *Sacer Vates* till this day. It was worth waiting to obtain so distinguished a historian as that very learned scholar who now adorns the chair once occupied by Linacre, the friend of Erasmus, and of Blessed Thomas More—himself, like these, one of the Household of Faith. For in the present President of the Royal College of Physicians of London there are combined elements of knowledge and of sympathy which do not always co-exist in the historian—intimate knowledge of medicine, of history and of archæology; sympathy with the aims of the founder and with the high mission which successive generations of Governors, Physicians and Surgeons of St. Bartholomew's Hospital have set before themselves as an ideal. The two magnificent volumes, now issued, are worthy receptacles of their scholarly contents, and higher praise cannot be given to them. The illustrations are of great excellence; and in the reproductions of Charters, which are numerous, photographic art has reached its zenith. They are volumes which will long remain the delight of bibliophiles as their contents must remain the final word on the topic with which they deal.

Of the Hospital's founder, Raherus, whose recumbent effigy, habited as an Augustinian Canon, still rests on his tomb in St. Bartholomew's Church, close by the Hospital, and whose signature still remains on a deed of 1137, we have an account in that *Liber fundacionis* which was composed before 1189 and therefore whilst contemporaries of Rahere (who died in 1145) were alive. Born of humble

* *The History of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.* By Sir Norman Moore, President of the Royal College of Physicians. Pearson.

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lineage, he entered religion as a Canon Regular of St. Augustine ; for a time in his youth he was a frequenter of noble palaces and even of the king's court, received and welcomed at all of them on account of his pleasant tongue and ready wit. In fact he seems to have been in a fair way to become that most loathsome and contemptible of beings, the hanger-on and toady, when he was visited by compunction; made a pilgrimage to Rome—no light task at that day—to expiate his sins which he bewailed at the tombs of the Apostles and elsewhere, though there is no reason to suppose that these sins were more than the venial excesses of a light heart and a tripping tongue. At any rate repent he did ; and, in a bout of sickness which overtook him at Rome and from which he did not expect to recover, he made a vow that, should his life be spared, he would return to his own land and there build a hospital for the Poor, wherein he would serve them with his own hands and succour them so far as he could in all their needs. *Hinc Nosocomium !*

On his way home he had a vision that he was in danger of falling into a deep pit from which he was saved by a spirit who revealed himself as St. Bartholomew, and who told Rahere that he should found a church, dedicated to him, in Smithfield in London, and that it should be "a house of God, a tabernacle of the Lamb, a temple of the Holy Ghost." *Hinc Ecclesiam Sancti Bartholomæi !* The piece of land which the Saint had pointed out happened to be Royal property, as Rahere ascertained when he reached London ; but Henry I, then reigning, was willing to grant, and did grant, the land to Rahere who commenced immediately his dual task of erecting a hospital and a church close to one another. Thus runs the account : "The church was founded as we have received from our seniors in the month of March, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in memory of the most blessed Bartholomew the Apostle in the year from the Incarnation of the same Lord our Saviour 1123 : the most holy father Pope Calixtus II, then holding and ruling the Holy See of Rome : William, archbishop of Canterbury,

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being President in the Church of England : and Richard, bishop of London, who by due right consecrated and by episcopal right dedicated, the place in the east part of Smithfield : in the year xxxiii, of the reign of Henry I, the younger son of William the Bastard, the first Norman king of the English." In connection with the church the Augustinian Rule was put in force as clerics joined themselves to the founder, who became Prior and remained in that position until his death. Smithfield was at that time an open space and the hospital was erected at its highest point and, by a coincidence, on just such a large bed of gravel as sanitary science—unknown at the time—would to-day direct us to choose, if possible.

Church and Hospital flourished side by side for four hundred years, but providentially they were quite independent of one another, an independence vouched for by Royal Charters and by Papal Bulls. The Hospital had certain duties towards the Priory, but each had its separate government ; and this it was that saved the Hospital when other noble institutions were plundered in the great royal robberies of Henry VIII and Edward VI of infamous memory. The fact that the Hospital was founded for the relief of God's Poor, and was carried on for that alone, would have had no weight with these royal rascals or with their even more infamous parasites. "When evil times came," says Sir Norman Moore, "and so many ancient foundations throughout England were destroyed, this independence helped to preserve the Hospital to its ancient uses. Rahere's Priory of Augustinian Canons, its contemporary, was dissolved, and the buildings, except the Norman choir, now St. Bartholmew's the Great, were sold. The great Franciscan Convent in Newgate Street, a century younger than St. Bartholomew's, the noble Carthusian House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, founded nearly two-hundred-and-fifty years after St. Bartholomew's, on land purchased from it by Sir Walter Manny, with the house of the Benedictine nuns at Clerkenwell, and the Priory of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, both more

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ancient than St. Bartholomew's, all found out the force of the King's enmity. Their societies were dispersed, and their buildings for the most part turned to secular uses. The Hospital of St. Bartholomew remained."

And so the visitor to this part of London will not even find of Manny's foundation the poor relics in which Pendennis was educated and Colonel Newcome died. In St. Bartholomew's Church he may exclaim, as one must in so many edifices turned to purposes for which their founders never intended them, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." But in St. Bartholomew's Hospital they will find one ancient foundation doing the work its founder intended and doing it nobly and with ever increasing efficiency. *Floreat semper Nosocomium Sancti Bartholomæi!*

Of the other worthies of "Barts," readers will find detailed accounts, diversified by many entertaining narratives, in the pages of Sir Norman's volumes, packed with valuable information, pleasantly conveyed. Thomas of St. Osyth's was Rahere's successor: to him we owe the determination of the respective spheres of the Priory and the Hospital. Nor must we omit mention of Alexander of Smithfield, the scribe of at least fifty of the charters; and how exquisite a scribe he was we can see from the facsimiles of his work here given. Nor of John Cook who wrote most of the cartulary of the hospital and thus preserved for us the knowledge of its history.

But these are of the "laity," as the present writer, himself a humble brother of the medical fraternity, would say; and it is to its great physicians and surgeons that "Barts" owes the fame which it enjoys in every part of the civilized world. William Harvey was no doubt the greatest man ever associated with the staff. The son of a Kentish yeoman, he studied at Cambridge where he took his first degree, after which, following the custom of those days, he repaired for further instruction to the Continent, and eventually proceeded M.D. at Padua. The final acceptance of his discovery of the circulation of the blood did not come until Malpighi had shown how the arteries

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communicated with the veins by means of the capillaries ; and Stensen (who died a Catholic Bishop) had taught that the heart was a muscle and impelled the blood upon its course. An incident in his life, in no way connected with his relationship to St. Bartholomew's, is so illustrative of the extraordinary changes in warfare within the last four centuries that it may deserve passing mention. Harvey, it is perhaps often forgotten, was Physician in Ordinary to Charles I, and was in attendance on that tragic and inefficient monarch at the Battle of Edgehill. He was placed in charge of the Princes, afterwards Charles II and James II ; and led them to a field near which the battle was to be. "He took out a book," says Nugent, the historian of the events of the day, "and sat him down on the grass to read, till, warned by the sound of the bullets that grazed and whistled round him, he rose and withdrew the Princes to a securer distance." Harvey was educated at Gonville and Caius College at Cambridge, and that seat of learning owes its second name, by which alone it is familiarly known, to one Doctor Caius, who lived for many years in St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a tenant—a curious custom long done away with—and was, like the author of this history, President of the Royal College of Physicians.

Perhaps to one who had met him, as the present writer had the privilege of doing, the name of the late Sir James Paget bulks larger than any other among the moderns of the Hospital, though Abernethy and many another worthy might be held to dispute his pre-eminence. But enough ! Saint Bartholomew's Hospital has had a glorious past ; those now connected with it—if I may be permitted to say it—are not unworthy of their predecessors ; we may anticipate for it increasing glories as time rolls on. But let us not forget, in its later glories, Rahere, the penitent, its founder ; and let us, with all scholarly persons, offer our congratulations to Sir Norman Moore on the successful termination of a long task, nobly conceived, worthily carried out, admirably completed.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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ALL speculations on Christian preaching hark back to the Sermon on the Mount. This, as St. Augustine points out (*De Cons Evang.* II, 19), St. Matthew makes Our Lord deliver "on a mountain, sitting down"; St. Luke, "on a flat place (*in loco campestri*) standing up." "This discrepancy," he goes on, "would lead us to think that they were not one and the same sermon. And, indeed, what was to stop Christ repeating elsewhere what He had already said, or doing over again what He had done before? . . . This, however, may strike us: that Our Lord was, to start with, in some higher part of the mountain, where He chose the Twelve; that He then came down with them, not altogether from the mountain but merely from the summit to the flat place, that is to say, to some level ground (*aliquam æqualitatem*) on the flank of the mountain which afforded standing-room for many people; that He stood while the crowd collected round Him; that afterwards, when He had sat down, His disciples drew near; and that to them, and the rest of the multitude at hand, He preached the single sermon which Matthew and Luke relate in so diverse a fashion, but with equal truth of fact."

So far St. Augustine; but all the early commentators emphasize the same thing. The common ground, where there was room for everybody; the ground to which the people had to climb up; the ground to which Our Lord and His apostles had to descend. The very name of this first field of Christian preaching, as it stands in the Vulgate, is significant. For the Roman *campus* was the field of battle, the field of the athlete's agony, the field of games (and does not Holy Wisdom Herself "play before God at all times"?), the stage of eloquence, the place where public profits and losses were assessed, and the mere meadow, the *campus herbidus aquosusque* of Livy, "a place of pasture and the water of refreshment." The people who climbed to this place from the plain below were not only Jews but Gentiles from the coast of

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Tyre and Sidon. The Sermon on the Mount was, therefore, a typical English sermon, a "discourse to a mixed congregation." The congregation had come to be healed and taught. It had only got half-way up the mountain, because, as the Venerable Bede says, you never find the multitude following Our Lord to the mountain-tops, or sick folk healed in high places. Our Lord, on the contrary, had spent the night on the summit "in the prayer of God"; His disciples had been aloft at least since dawn; and the Twelve Apostles were newly nominated when they came down with Him. He looked at them especially when He preached, though the sermon was addressed to everyone present. Preaching was, therefore, as it still is, the first apostolic art.

Our Lord's own attitude towards the sermon is quaintly described in a commentary once attributed to the golden-mouthed Chrysostom himself:

Every workman, whatever his work, rejoices to see a chance of plying his craft. A carpenter beholding a goodly tree thirsts to cut it down and get to work on it; a farmer seeing rich land longs to be up and ploughing. But why speak only of reasonable beings? Even a horse, with no reasoning power whatsoever, prancing out of the stable and sighting the open plains, takes the bit between his teeth and sets off at a gallop. So, too, Our Lord Himself, seeing this great gathering, burned to instruct them; and so, too, every priest beholding a packed church, is blithe of heart and takes a pleasure in teaching.

After this rhapsody it is, perhaps, somewhat cruel, though certainly useful, to quote from a new manual, *Preaching*, by the Rev. W. B. O'Dowd (Longmans), what the author describes as a temperate and just statement—made by Monsignor Ward in his privately-circulated *Preaching as a part of Pastoral Work*—of the average English priest's attitude towards the sermon:

At the beginning the priest's preaching has been a struggle to get through without breaking down. When he has been sufficiently long at it for this danger to have passed away he has still the practical feeling—his aim is to fill up the requisite amount of time with respectably good matter so as to discharge his duty.

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. . . And it seems to me that this very inadequate view—to use a mild word—which we take of the art of preaching, is responsible to a very large extent for the want of fervour in our sermons, and also their want of soul and interest. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean that *no* priest thinks of the work of preaching in its true light, or even that in any priest such thought is entirely absent. Many of our clergy on the English mission are models of zeal and hard work, and lead thoroughly supernatural lives. And they fulfil the words of St. Paul to the letter by preaching not themselves, but Christ and Him crucified. But I am speaking of the average priest, and it does appear to me that though the true view of preaching may not be entirely absent, it is often far too much in the background. His predominant idea is that his sermon is a task, and, as such, he discharges it with the results already alluded to.

A still further result is that adduced by Father O'Dowd: "Very few attend the services at which a sermon is preached, and the people crowd in at Low Masses or trail in just in time for Benediction after devoutly lurking in the church porch until the preacher has left the pulpit." This indictment is by no means peculiar to the manual before us; and it is only fair to say, at the outset, that this most liberal and competent book—which should obviously supersede all English publications of its class—wastes no time in deploring present disabilities, and very little—it might be thought scarcely enough—over their remote and proximate causes. The author's treatment is thoroughly adapted to its end, that of helping the newly-ordained seminarist and average priest to become a good preacher, and this has necessarily to be done with an equal eye to the actual outfit and environment of the priest and to the generous ideals reiterated by the Supreme Pontiffs.

These ideals, as expressed in three documents of Leo XIII, Pius X and Benedict XV—all vigorously translated in Father O'Dowd's Appendix—are very far from realization at present. There is certainly something wrong with preaching. The criticisms already cited are but two out of a hundred. In America, as in England, the clergy admit, with heroic candour, that all is not as it

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should be ; and the laity, where they are not altogether dumbfounded by their terror of spiritual *lèse-majesté*, rack their brains for apologies. "If the people had courage enough to withhold praise except when it is deserved, and if they had intelligence enough to realize when it is deserved, preaching would be transformed in a year," says the Very Rev. Dr. Kerby, Professor of Theology at Washington. This symptom of lay anarchy being apparently lacking in both continents, it is left for Father O'Dowd to go to the root of the trouble in his opening chapters ; and these are well worth consideration. Some suggest, he hazards, that preachers have lost touch with the thought and aspiration of their time ; that they live in a world of their own. Would they had, or did ! For never since Christianity emerged from the Catacombs was mundane thought and aspiration so at issue as now with the Faith. Has the cult of the hermit, for which England was once so notable, gone the discredited way of all things Saxon ? Do the Faithful really wish the apostle to pile up Napoleonic conquests outside his supernatural province ? "Catholics, at least," answers Father O'Dowd, "do not want preaching to become mere lecturing on natural morality or patriotism or hygiene." Our Lord, according to St. Augustine, showed His comparative disconcern for temporal ailments by curing but one sick man out of the hundreds at the Pool of Bethesda. The Saint suggests that the verdict of the "worldly and second-rate" on this inadequate transaction would be, "No great power shown in that, and as little kindness." With regard to material interests, even the most urgent, it is inevitable that the attitude of Rome should be that of Him she so flawlessly represents. "Two things must be done by preachers," says the 1917 Encyclical of Benedict XV : "They must spread abroad the light of the truth delivered by God, and they must awaken and foster supernatural life in their hearers ; in a word, they must promote God's glory by seeking the salvation of souls." But what are some of these preachers doing ? The Encyclical says that they "deal with matters that have

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nothing sacred about them but the place in which they are delivered. Often, in the very midst of a discourse on the eternal truths, they lapse into politics, especially if anything of that kind makes an intense appeal to the audience. . . . They woo the applause of the ignorant with laborious irreverence—let them have it! Yet is it worth their while? For the prudent will pour scorn on them, and worse than that, they will have to face a strict and terrible judgment at the hands of Christ.” The very world itself was weary of these cassocked politicians, even before they were thus explicitly proscribed; and an irreverent critic of the bad old days before the Encyclical depicted one of the race in some such scurrilous lines as these:

When nineteen-fourteen gathered to a head,
Who was more eloquent than X.Y.Z.?
He scorned to till his glebe's ungrateful sward,
Beat the parochial ploughshare to a sword,
And changed—for who so tactless as to tax him—
The priestly precept for the Vicars-Maxim.

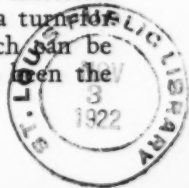
On internal evidence it may be doubted whether this was not meant to apply to an Anglican after all. It is, unfortunately, impossible to be certain. However, Father Stephens, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*, quotes the *Manchester Guardian's* lament for “the loss of the prophetic and idealist note which is, after all, the essence of any true ministry.” So it looks as if the very circumstances of Christianity preferred the “recluse” temperament of John Henry Newman and the “eremital soul” of Robert Hugh Benson to—the orator described above. Before leaving these, if not burning, at least hardly extinct themes, we might usefully ask ourselves whether we should have been the nearer Heaven for hearing Richard Rolle of Hampole—a hermit and a layman—preach “on the rying up of Owre Lorde Ihesu,” or Henry V's Archbishop of Canterbury bolster his sovereign's claims to France from the Book of Numbers—a feat immortalized by Shakespeare. It is amazingly easy

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to realize, in the placid perspective of the Middle Ages, whether temporal or eternal topics best befit an apostle.

Having got rid of the up-to-date preacher, Father O'Dowd turns to the spiritually inadequate one. A man's creative work must express himself. Yet there are compassionate people who urge that "a priest is a sign-post, and his sole function is to point the way." Father O'Dowd makes short work of this generous theory; and its exponents might bear in mind Dickens's definition of Mr. Pecksniff, "a direction-post which is always telling the way to a place and never goes there," and St. Augustine's nickname for the Scribes—"milestones which show the road and never walk." None of us nowadays is likely to have met any unmitigated milestones—*improbabiles* is St. Hilary's pretty name for them—and the spiritually deficient are so few compared to the intellectually ill-equipped that the book merely glances at the former while it scrutinizes the latter very closely indeed.

Now the priest gets his intellectual outfit from two sources, the school and the seminary. The school is supposed to equip him with a knowledge of the English tongue: the seminary, with a knowledge of theology. Of these two elements, humanly speaking, the sermon is compounded. It is the message of the hills in the speech of the plains. Father O'Dowd takes the Catholic school and the Catholic seminary for granted, and proceeds to crown their foundations or supply their deficiencies—whichever way you look at it—in his own more or less post-graduate course. But it should be urged that more might be done in the school to equip the future priest with the essential armoury of English eloquence. It is not within the reviewer's competence to discuss the seminary; but the fortune of war has given her the somewhat extraordinary and certainly noble privilege of teaching English to boys destined for Religion. To rouse these to the direct bearing of literary and historical studies on their vocation, and to give them a turn of enthusiastic and painstaking scholarship, which can be diverted later to any studies whatsoever, has been the



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sacred preoccupation of the last two years. What there is of originality in the means employed might be usefully worked out in detail ; but here it will be sufficient to indicate the main lines on which the study of the vernacular can be made to subserve the needs of the preacher to be.

In the first place it must be insisted that our literature, after the Sixteenth Century, is mainly infidel and heretical ; and, as Newman pointed out in that forgotten book, *The Idea of a University*, "We must take things as they are if we take them at all. We may refuse to say a word to English literature, if we will ; we may have recourse to French or to Italian instead, if we think either of these less exceptionable than our own ; we may fall back upon the classics of Greece and Rome ; we may have nothing to do with Literature, as such, of any kind, and confine ourselves to purely amorphous or monstrous specimens of language." This last is by no means an unknown course ; and so we get the piteous spectacle of the devout Catholic clinging to spars and shreds of Continental orthodoxy, or the desperate flotsam of the Oxford Movement, while the galleon that carried Milton and Bunyan stands in the offing to convey him and his fortunes whither he will, even to the *terra viventium*.

Of course there is a Catholic vernacular literature. But does any Catholic school show extraordinary eagerness to win back its pupils by that delightful anti-Catholic tract, the *Faerie Queene*, through those most orthodox of reformers Chaucer and Langland, to the devotional writings of Richard Rolle, Hilton, and Nassyngton ? We may take it that English literature is, on the whole, non-Catholic. Is it any less serviceable for that ? St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine had each a purely secular education in secular matters. St. Augustine's view of "Egyptian gold" has been so often quoted that St. Jerome's variant may serve to drive the matter home. In a letter justifying his own use of pagan quotations he cites the example of St. Paul who, he says, "had learnt from David to wrest

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the sword from the enemy's grasp and cut off the head of overweening Goliath with his own blade." Judith, of course, performed the same office for Holofernes; and our English liberators have not lagged behind that very Saxon-minded heroine in their use of profane weapons. St. Thomas à Becket, Blessed Edmund Campion, Cardinal Newman and Father Benson had their fill of secular lore; and the future apostles of England must have the same. For who, after all, did the preaching in England during the subterranean centuries which lie between Blessed John Fisher on the scaffold and "Bishop Blougram" in his Pugin lime-kiln? Supernaturally speaking, a handful of martyrs, whose utterances are the pearls of that heroic book, Challoner's *Missionary Priests*; but, humanly speaking, a worldly apostolate of worldly creeds containing just so much of stolen fire as saved them from extinction. For their content, Catholic preachers must have a critical concern; for their form an intimate appreciation. The character of the usurpers varies from age to age. Roughly speaking, dramatists preach to the Elizabethans; doctors and divines to the Jacobean; satirists to the Augustans; politicians, contemplative and active, to the Georgians; novelists and critics to the Victorians; and journalists are manifestly most active in going forth to teach all nations to-day. So he who studies Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Pope, Burke, Dickens, Ruskin, and, say, Mr. J. C. Squire or Mr. G. K. Chesterton—not profusely in a textbook, but minutely in even a single original work—will know something of the persuasive genius of the English language. Surely the fewer sermons he studies the better; seeing that, with inconsiderable exceptions, these are either Catholic and not literature or literature and not Catholic. If the notion of the preaching dramatist or novelist is looked upon as sheer fantasy, a glance at the actual tracts of, say, the University Wits—Nashe's *Christe's Tears over Jerusalem*, or Lodge's unfortunately less beautiful *Tears of the Holy Blessed and Sanctified Marie, the Mother of God* (Lodge became a Catholic)—would afford a most moving clue to the exquisite didac-

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ticism of the Elizabethan drama ; while, to leave such a born preacher as Dickens (not without thanks for that best of anti-Protestant pamphlets, *Barnaby Rudge*), we have, in Scott, one who spent his life accustoming England to the externals of the Faith, and who, on his death-bed, murmuring snatches of the *Stabat Mater*, drew very near the heart of it. All of which suggests that not a few of the usurpers were sheep in wolves' clothing, and not so entirely unlike those accredited envoys of Rome, the seminary priests themselves. In any case we cannot do without them now. There seems to have been a notion among the minor Catholic educationists of Newman's day that if you kept the youthful head empty of profane accomplishments, sacred lore rushed in to supply the vacuum. This theory, having been given every chance, has failed to justify itself ; and nobody now doubts the capacity of David to use Goliath's sword without cutting his fingers or deserting to the Philistines. On this count it is encouraging to note that the very manual to which we return after this digression is written by the Superior of the Oxford House of Studies for the Archdiocese of Birmingham. His book is, perhaps, mainly intended for a less fortunate race than his own *alumni*, and it is interesting to observe how he hopes to supplement the less humane education of bygone years.

In the first place he urges the study of St. Augustine's *De Doctrina Christiana*, and especially the fourth book. Now the main end of the Roman educational system, on its civil side, was the making of orators ; and the fourth book of *De Doctrina* concerns itself with adapting the technique of secular oratory to the use of the Christian preacher. Father O'Dowd's account of this is invaluable. The essence of the matter is Cicero's saying, "The eloquent man will speak of small matters quietly that he may teach ; of ordinary matters with elegance that he may charm ; of great matters with grandeur that he may persuade." These three modes would have been illustrated, one feels, with real satisfaction to the shade of Cicero—who, unfortunately, was not a Catholic—from,

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say, Bunyan, Matthew Arnold, and Milton. But no, Father O'Dowd will have strips from actual Catholic sermons. So we undergo two competent extracts from a contemporary preacher; and a passage of Newman which, though famous enough in its day (it still represents him in Encyclopædias), is peculiarly ill-fitted for present imitation. "The power and skill of an orator are proved chiefly by this," says the Encyclical of 1917, "that he can render pleasant, truths that are naturally distasteful." Now no one would be reconciled to his particular judgment by Newman's inflated, and in some places slightly ludicrous, account of the doom of a lost soul. However, the Free Trader in eloquence must forgive the doctrinal Protectionist, if only for the pains he has bestowed on St. Augustine's winning counsel, and the excellent instructions on the mingling of the three Ciceronian styles with which the chapter closes.

The next chapter deals with the actual cooking, as St. Bernard would say, of the sermon. The sermon-book, that effete scion of centuries of predication inbreeding, is absolutely condemned; and the original tactics of one or two really commanding preachers are given in full. What student could refuse the flattery of imitation to preachers as inspiring and yet as painstaking as the Curé D'Ars and Father Benson? There is nothing of what an American critic has called "a manifest reliance on the *dabitur vobis*" about either of these dissimilar apostles. Indeed, as St. John Chrysostom pointed out to the first "improbables," this promise only applies to apostles haled before a frenzied mob. "When the dispute is among the beloved" (*μεταξὺ φίλων*), he says, "we are ordered to take pains." "*Parati semper ad satisfactionem omni poscenti.*"

In this actual task of taking pains, Father O'Dowd is thoroughly helpful. He starts with the sources of the sermon: first the Holy Scripture, secondly the Fathers, thirdly that mine of sapphires, the *Summa Theologica*. "I am somewhat surprised," says Bernard Shaw's Broadbent to Father Keegan, "to hear a member of

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your Church quote so essentially Protestant a document as the Bible." "Preachers," says Father O'Dowd, "have adopted a very conventional way of using Scripture, and the sacred text appears to have dropped from a primary to a secondary source." This he sets down to the activity of that theological middleman, the writer of manuals and textbooks. Father O'Dowd sends the priest back to the fountain-head, reiterates the senses in which Holy Writ can be interpreted, and admirably suggests that what the Church does for the priest in his Breviary, he might do for the faithful in his sermons. The four senses might have been more briefly put :

Littera gesta docet, quid credas allegoria,
Moralis quid agas, quo tendas anagogia—

and the correspondence of the last three, to Faith, Charity and Hope, brought out ; also the attribution of the divisions, as they stand, to the Venerable Bede, of whom we, in England, do not make nearly enough. A fine example—Dante's reading of *In exitu Israel*—is given of the interpretation at work. There are others in an ample note ; and it would be interesting to see included—when a second edition gives scope for such embellishments—St. Jerome's "Jerusalem"—the chief city of the Jews, the Church Militant, the Christian soul, and Heaven ; and St. Thomas's "Lux"—light, Christ, Grace and Glory.

The Fathers should, in the same way, be studied at the source. "A clergy with an unslaked curiosity for sacred learning, is needed in every country and in every parish," says Father O'Dowd. If lack of time for such studies is urged, there is usually the Daily Paper to be dropped ; and what the sermon would gain from the loss of the Daily Paper and the addition of the Fathers is inconceivable. Parallel Latin-English texts, on the lines of the Loeb Classics, might be made of the more animated works of the Fathers ; St. Jerome's *Letters*, say, or St. Augustine's *Soliloquia*, would be a godsend to the Faithful and of

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incomparable value to their compiler. Only the renderings would have to be more than adequate. They would have to be vivid and commanding. William Watts' *Confessions of St. Augustine* (1631) and John Healey's *De Civitate Dei* (1610) are both to be had, by way of models, in reprints. There are, besides, many Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century English versions of patristic *opera*—especially St. Augustine's—available either for pious re-editing or sacrilegious plunder. This is not to suggest that the language of new translations should be darkly archaic—the two old books mentioned use very few words over the head of a schoolboy. But some reversion to a more spirited and adventurous vocabulary than our own must be made by the preacher, *tamquam explorator*, to quote Ben Jonson's book-plate, if he is not to sink even below the slothful and half-witted usage of the day. A gusto for apt words is both easy to acquire and easy to impart, and the preacher has every chance of doing both.

The *Summa* is the third of Father O'Dowd's three sources, and this might be preached in season and out of season in good nervous English almost, in places, as it stands. Take, say, The Five Remedies of Sorrow (*de Tristitia*. I^a. II^{ae}. Q. XXXVIII), or The Befittingness of the Cross (*Utrum Christus pati debuerit in cruce*, III^a. 2. Q. XLVI), or Our Lord's Presidency at the Last Judgment (*De judiciaria potestate Christi*, III^a. Q. LIX)—some village Janvier or mute inglorious Monsabré might wed the soul of England once more to scholasticism were such themes treated here as they have been in France.

So much for sources. As for methods, Father O'Dowd is most careful to weigh the merits and demerits of extempore and memorized, formal and informal, sermons. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has stated that the best preacher he knows reads his sermons from a manuscript. There seems very little reason why he should not. All methods are befitting if they are inevitable. The great point in preaching, as is any other art, appears to be to give your audience what is good for it, and not what it thinks it wants. In the first place it does not really know

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what it wants ; in the second, it cannot tell, until you have gone on giving it quite ruthlessly for some time, how much it really likes the best. "Every genuine preacher suits some part of his congregation," says the expert just quoted ; and equally, of course, the finest preaching will never lack its detractors. As to structure, Bishop Hedley's "Lean to the side of suppressing formal division and substituting for it logical and emotional order" seems sound ; especially in view of the reason given. "If, as may happen, the unregenerate hearer grows tired of the very first stages before him, his irritation is indefinitely increased by the reflection that there is still more to come." Father O'Dowd generously gives this theory first innings, before pleading for explicit divisions, on the ground that the unregenerate listener might be rather consoled than exasperated by knowing there were only two points or so to be treated when there might have been three or four. The soundest counsel would seem to be to have a skeleton by all means, but not to invite the congregation to count your vertebræ. As to actual delivery, Father O'Dowd deals at necessary length with pulpit deportment ; but the sum of his sound advice is to correct defects rather than to acquire graces, and to avoid any but inevitable gestures.

Later pages deal with accepted classes of sermons. Homilies, Dogmatic and Moral sermons and Apologetical Conferences are treated to a chapter apiece. The reviewer would be inclined to cavil at the volumes of Biblical archæology, topography and what-not recommended as an aid to enlivening the homily. Englishmen often suffer from a Hellenistic antipathy to a Hebrew atmosphere. After all, Revelation came from Palestine, but Civilization from Greece ; and Rome inherits both. Local and temporal details, unless gathered from Holy Writ itself, or extremely early sources, and very deftly handled, are apt to be a drag on the spiritual impetus of a homily. The bibliography itself is both discreet and ample : perhaps a mere caution against "rebuilding the Temple" is all that is needed.

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Writing of Apologetical Conferences, Father O'Dowd wisely urges that a man's knowledge of his faith should at least keep pace with his general culture. Here falls a graceful little tribute to Father Martindale, and his "Outline Lessons on Apologetics" in *The Sower*, had they started coming out before the book went to press, might have been mentioned as models of compressed guidance. Father O'Dowd maintains that most positions have been attacked and defended centuries ago, and that the most effective of modern weapons are often only the reburnished blunderbusses of a ruder age. Father Benson's revival, in the *Paradoxes*, of St. Hilary's method of dealing with the notions of Ebionites, Arians and Sabelians—*lis eorum est fides nostra*—is perhaps a case in point.

The book ends with a brief but entirely happy chapter on "Some other Types of Sermon." The section on *Panegyrics in Honour of Saints* is in its way the best thing in the book, and should save the Faithful from those quack biographies, made up in remote hagiographical dispensaries, which, taken habitually, undermine the soundest constitution. The reflections on *Charity Sermons* are models of spiritual tact; and the same thing may be said for the remarks on *Funeral Panegyrics*. These last the reviewer has been lucky enough to encounter only in the cold light of print; but even so it is impossible not to feel gratitude for Father O'Dowd's indictment of the desolating parade of very often sixth-rate worldly honours, which not unfrequently garnishes these orations. Perhaps what seems mere ostentation is intended as a belated thank-offering for the removal of the Test Act and the passing of Catholic Emancipation, under which we enjoy our Shallows and Silences, our Honourable Samuel Slumkeys and Worshipful Nupkinses, with the best of our Protestant fellow-citizens.

The pages on *Controversy* are memorable for Dr. Wiseman's letter on his discourses at the Sardinian Chapel in 1835. These were astoundingly successful. The chapel was "crowded to suffocation." The throng, gentle and simple, followed the course with unflagging

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attention. "The common people say they can follow every word and that 'I make them quite sensible,'" wrote the preacher: "the priests came in shoals and they and all the congregation tell me that the whole system and the form of treatment throughout is quite new to them all. . . . But I am thus *vainly* full with you because it will convince you of what I have often said, that the method I have followed in school was as applicable to a congregation if simplified and reduced to a popular form, and in this I always thought that I could succeed." Such was Dr. Wiseman's method; a method as little differing from that of the scholastic lecture-room as St. Augustine's from that of the classical law-court. His policy, he tells us, he took from St. Thomas. "Distinguishing frequently and denying seldom," he sought first of all to find out what truths he and his hearers mutually maintained. For error only endures when it is mingled with truth. What is evil or false is but goodness or truth incomplete. Common truths are the common ground upon which preacher and people meet; but, while one has stepped down with the message of the hills, the other has toiled up with the needs of the plain.

Here, then, *in loco campestri* once more, a last word might be said to magnify the preacher's office: a necessary office in a Catholic land, a vital office in a missionary country. "For how shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him, of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" If style be, as Wordsworth has proclaimed it, "the incarnation of thought," he who finds immaculate words for the sacred mysteries is, in some sense, a companion of the Mother of God and a sharer in her prerogatives. All her Seven Swords shall be his weapons. He, too, shall be the Dove that brings back peace after the deluge; the Jacob's ladder by which the Angels of God ascend and descend; the Burning Bush in the desert, kindled and never consumed; the Seven-branched Candlestick of wrought gold that holds the Light of the World. How

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heroic shall be her care of him who herself, "because of the straits and tribulation of her people, did not spare her soul but prevented their ruin in the face of God." May she watch over his first word and his last, "*Secretum Verecundiæ, Vexillum Fidei. . . Comes ad Ministerium, Mater ad Templum.*"

HELEN PARRY EDEN.

ON THE COMING OF CHRIST

WHEN sending out His Apostles, at a comparatively early stage of His missionary life, Christ said to them, "When they shall persecute you in this city flee ye into another. Amen I say to you, ye shall not finish all the cities of Israel till the Son of man come."* Again, immediately after His first prediction of His coming Passion and death, He added, "There are some of them that stand here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in His Kingdom."† Once more, "So shall it be at the consummation of the age; the Angels shall go out and separate the wicked from among the just,"‡ and "the end of the age" seems to have meant in Jewish Apocalyptic literature the end of the time of expectation of the Messias.§ Again at the close of His life Christ seems positively to assert that "immediately after the tribulation of those days (the fall of Jerusalem) . . shall appear the sign of the Son of man . . coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty."|| Then again, on quitting His enemies on the great day of Questioning, He said to them, "Ye shall not see Me henceforth till ye say 'Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.'"¶ Last of all, when standing before His judges and asked if He is truly "the Christ, the Son of God?" He not only declares that He is, but adds, "From henceforth onwards ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven."***

All these passages, which are taken from different periods of Christ's public life, demonstrate—so it is held—that He really expected to come again in glory to judge

* Matt. x. 23.

† Ibid. xvi. 28.

‡ Ibid. xiii. 49.

§ This expression, *συνελευσις* (*Toû* αἰῶνος, only occurs in Matthew, cf. xiii. 39, 40, xxiv. 3, xxiii. 20; but see, too, Heb. ix. 26. For its use in Apocalyptic literature see *Apocalypse of Baruch*, xiii. 3, and *Assumption of Moses*, i. 18.

|| Matt. xxiv. 29-30.

¶ Matt. xxiii. 39.

** Ibid. xxvi. 64, where note *ἀπαρτι* and cf. Apoc. xiv. 13.

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this world very speedily, and further that His Coming was to strike consternation into the minds of men as yet living. Thus Schweitzer maintains that "Jesus must have expected the coming of the Kingdom at harvest time," viz., of the very year in which He sent out the Apostles; "It is for that reason that He sends out His disciples to make known in Israel, as speedily as may be, what is about to happen."* But if that was so—and the same applies to any of the similar passages referred to—how are we to explain the uncomfortable fact that His Coming and the Final Judgment of the world have not yet been realized? How, too, explain the fact that the Apostles on returning from that first mission, betrayed no sense of shock at the non-fulfilment of what had been promised? How, again, are we to explain the fact that if Christ's final Coming was to be practically identified in point of time with the destruction of Jerusalem, this latter fact—which would on that supposition have been a mere detail completely overshadowed by the final catastrophe of the Coming to Judgment—is dwelt upon so insistently. The two last difficulties are, so to speak, inherent in the problem, and are perhaps insufficient in themselves to compel us to revise our estimate of the passages given above. But the first-named difficulty is of much graver character. For it simply comes to this: Christ was mistaken in supposing that He was to return immediately. But in that case He was mistaken concerning a central fact in His ministry, since He not only insists in season and out—if we may so speak—on His speedy return, but He makes it a matter of special warning. If He was mistaken here, how can we trust Him anywhere? It is easy to understand how grievously this feature of the problem affects some minds. Thus Dr. Gore is quoted as saying that "So wise a man as the late Henry Sidgwick was alienated from the faith and membership of the Christian Church mainly by the conviction that Jesus Christ had certainly proclaimed the immediate coming of the end of the world and that it had not come as He prophesied. Jesus, he thought, was

* *Quest of the Historical Jesus*, p. 356, cf. *Expositor*, May, 1911.

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certainly under a delusion, and could not therefore be what Christendom believed Him to be.”* So, too, Professor Denney: “When all qualifications are made, it is impossible for any candid reader to get rid of the fact that Jesus conceived the triumph of the Kingdom to come with His own Coming in glory, and that He spoke of it as so near that the very people whom He addressed must be in constant readiness for it.”†

Critics, rationalist and otherwise, have for many years past endeavoured to find a way out of the dilemma. But the various evasions suggested—for evasions they are—afford us an interesting study in the bankruptcy of modern criticism. Thus *à propos* of the declaration “The days shall come when ye shall desire to see one day of the Son of man and ye shall not see it,”‡ a critic remarks that first of all this is an answer to the question of the Pharisees “when the Kingdom of God should come?” that to this question Christ answered that it was already with them and then added the words just quoted. On the supposition, then, that Christ actually did say this, we might, says this critic, understand it in the same way as Christ depicts Himself as a Bridegroom who is snatched away and leaves the Bride mourning; and this, he adds, might be due to the disillusionment He had Himself experienced, and against which He felt bound to warn His disciples. But these passages may, he further suggests, be only fragments of Christ’s discourses, and originally, that is on His lips, they may not have been connected as they now are in the text. It is possible, too, he says, that they are not really Christ’s at all, but simply due to St. Luke, in which case we could describe them as “a transcript from experience thrown back into the reported speech of Jesus.” And on that supposition they may be due, he adds, to that peculiarly mystic character which we should expect to find in a disciple of St. Paul.§

For many people an easy way of evading much of the difficulty is afforded by what are too readily regarded as

* See *Expositor*, Sept., 1912, p. 200.

† Luke xvii. 22.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Expositor*, Sept., 1913.

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the proved results of criticism of the Synoptic Gospels. Thus the Protestant Bishop of Ossory says : " I will say quite frankly that if we had no report of the Lord's words but that in St. Matthew, there would be no escape from the conclusion that in these sayings He anticipated a manifestation of the Son of man, which, in fact, did not take place. . . . But no principle of Synoptic criticism is better established than this, that Matthew is a secondary authority as compared to Mark." The Bishop then goes on to point out that Mark does not support Matthew and that, in point of fact, "Whatever the original form of St. Matthew x. 23 may have been, it was not spoken, unless Synoptic criticism is wholly at fault, in connexion with the preliminary excursion of the Apostles. I do not know a more striking illustration of the gains that New Testament criticism has brought to us than is suggested here." The Bishop adds that "the report of this discourse is obviously so much abbreviated that there can be no question of verbal precision in the record ; and hence the exact context of the words, 'This generation shall not pass away until all these things be accomplished,' cannot be certainly established."* One naturally asks what inspiration was for, save to preserve the record of revelation so that it might serve as a guide to us instead of a will-o'-the-wisp !

Akin to this evasion is another which meets us at every turn in the Biblical reviews of to-day : "Christ's sayings were constantly misinterpreted even by His Apostles, and He knew that they were misunderstood and left them unexplained. For He spoke for all ages. He left them as unintelligible as books are to babies, waiting until man should be sufficiently developed to understand them. . . . His words can wait the development of the spiritual faculties by the aid of which alone they can be understood."† Such a statement can only be described as grotesque. What ground is there for asserting that the Apostles constantly misinterpreted Christ's sayings ? When they did misunderstand Him—as they did now and

* *Expositor*, Sept., 1915, pp. 202-3.

† *Ibid.* 194.

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again—He was at pains to correct them; a careful reading of St. John iii. and vi. will afford instances of this.

Another critic will have it that it was not so much that Christ was mistaken, as that His "thought of the Parousia varied in different moods";* only thus—it is maintained—can we explain the fact that whereas He sometimes speaks of the Coming as immediate,† at other times He suggests that a considerable time will elapse before its arrival.‡

Last of all, it is suggested that the "problem is partly eschatological, partly literary,"§ and that just as Papias tells us that Mark wrote without due regard to order, so, too, was the case with Matthew, e.g., in ch. x.

Now at the root of all this modern criticism there lie several presuppositions which we cannot accept. First comes the notion that because we cannot understand any passage in Scripture, therefore that passage is unintelligible. A vast gulf lies between this frame of mind and St. Augustine's declaration: "I confess that it is only to the Canonical Books of Scripture that I have learnt to pay such honour as to believe most firmly that none of the authors ever erred in aught. Consequently when I light upon something in their pages which seems to me not to be in harmony with the truth, then I have no hesitation in saying that either the text is faulty, or that the translator has not grasped what was said, or finally that it is I who do not understand."|| Then we have the suggestion that the Apostles did not understand Christ's teaching, and this despite the fact that when at the close of the great day of parabolic teaching He asked them "Have ye understood all these things?" they answered immediately in the affirmative.¶ To this unwarranted supposition is quietly tacked on as a species of corollary the notion that neither did the Evangelists who reported His teaching really grasp its meaning or report it correctly. This, of course, means that inspiration is reduced to a meaningless term.

* *Expositor*, Aug., 1915, pp. 108-9. † Matt. xvi. 29; Mark xiii. 30.

‡ Luke xii. 45; Matt. xxv. 11.

§ Margoliouth in the *Expositor*, May, 1911.

|| *Ep. cxvi. 3, inter Epp. S. Hieronymi, P.L. XXII. 937.*

¶ Matt. xiii. 51.

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Further—and this is the gravest feature of all—it is quietly assumed that Christ Himself could be in error. It is symptomatic of the prevailing looseness of thought in modern criticism that few care to declare this roundly ; they prefer to take refuge in some kenotic doctrine or other, and refer vaguely to the limitations of Christ's knowledge. In other words, they have never really grasped what the Divinity of Christ means.

There is no need to dwell upon the chaos which must result in every department of theology when such views are current. It really seems as though modern critics never paused to ask themselves whither their investigations were leading them. They would claim of course that this was precisely the true scientific spirit—search for truth regardless of consequences. But even science is not pure hypothesis ; it has to have not merely its presuppositions but also its basic facts and principles. It may take long to acquire these, it is true, but when once acquired they must be held to. No true government emerges from a spirit which is purely revolutionary ; no true science from an iconoclastic spirit which is for ever turning up anew the foundations once laid. An interesting commentary on this frame of mind would be afforded could we put the plain question to some of these critics : “ What was Christ's relation to the Old Testament Scriptures ? Was He dependent on them or they on Him ? ” Or put the question another way : “ What was the relationship between Christ and the milieu in which He lived and worked ? Did that milieu produce Him and consequently fetter Him in His speech and action, or did He create the milieu ? ” As we read modern commentators we are driven to the conclusion that they have never thought out the implications of the Christian faith. In their minds Christ is dependent upon the Old Testament and not its creator ; He cannot use it and interpret it with absolute authority. One would almost fancy that these critics hardly realize that Christ created His Apostles and Evangelists for the precise purpose for which He wanted them, viz., as perfect

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instruments for receiving and spreading abroad the revelation He brought. They concede—some of them at least—that He was God, but they focus their minds with such intensity on His human nature that they regard it as in some sort a constant fetter imposed upon the Godhead. These are the critics who—to digress for a moment—speak as though when Christ prayed for the Oneness of His Church He prayed in *hope* that it might come to pass; they cannot even form the concept that being God He, by His prayer, created that oneness. It is but natural, then, that when such critics approach the question of the Parousia or Coming of Christ they should endeavour to explain away the difficulties which their own purblindness has created; it is but natural that they should seek to escape by saying that He was a Prophet, and, therefore, spoke with the limitations attaching to prophecy, and by urging that prophecy in the Old Testament is not so much concerned with the precise time when the events foretold shall come to pass as with the certainty that they will one day happen, much as Ezechiel, Jeremias and Isaias foretold respectively the destruction of Tyre, the invasion of the Scythians and the Restoration under Cyrus. They never seem to realize that Christ was the Prince of Prophets, that they only spoke of Him and for Him and by His power. Which one of these critics would endorse the statement that Christ was greater than the Scriptures and that they were elevated rather than used by Him? And the same must be said of the views current touching the milieu in which Christ lived and taught, viz., that He used it in dependence on its limitations, so that He had perforce to express Himself in its terms at the risk of being misunderstood, with the consequence that neither His Apostles and Evangelists nor the early ages of the Church really grasped His teaching. The modern craze for studying the Apocalyptic literature of the age immediately preceding and following the time of Christ, practically if not theoretically involves some such notion. We can and we must study the eschatological notions which prevail in that literature; but we

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have always to bear in mind that Christ "the Light of the world" not merely uses that terminology, He also illumines it. This, however, is hardly the spirit which motives such a declaration as the following: "The form of religion in the time of our Lord was and could only be one of the many sub-varieties of the later Apocalyptic Eschatology. In the case of our Lord the direct intuitive grasp of the matter of religion reached the *ne plus ultra*; the forms in which He was compelled to express it, even to His own mind, were provided in the main by the same mode of thought?"*

The gravity, then, of the problem which is afforded by Christ's reiterated declarations touching His "Coming" is unquestionable. For nothing less is at stake than Christ's reputation. If we are to follow the lead offered by modern critics, then we can hardly say less than that Christianity is built on the shifting sands of a haltingly-expressed series of statements distorted by uneducated hearers and set down in bungling fashion by Evangelists who in two cases out of three depended on a second-hand tradition for their knowledge of what Christ actually said. Never—not even in the days when Pentateuchal criticism was at its flood—has the modern so-called theological mind shown itself more hopelessly bankrupt than in its attitude towards this problem. Through grossly unscientific methods, through a neglect of the context which is simply incredible, through relaxing its hold upon any guiding stabilizing threads, through pinning its faith to ill-supported conclusions on the textual problem, and, above all, on the Synoptic problem, through a complete disregard and contempt for traditional views, it finds itself compelled by an inexorable logic to throw overboard any sound teaching on the Divinity of Christ and any idea of the inspiration and consequent inerrancy of Scripture. The result is bankruptcy final and complete!

We venture to suggest that this eschatological problem may have been solved in *The Catholic World's* series of twelve papers by Dr. Shanahan entitled *St.*

* *Expositor*, Dec., 1915.

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Matthew and the Parousia. We say without hesitation that these papers are the work of a real exegete. It is true that only too often one feels that those who offer solutions of this and kindred problems, e.g., of the Apocalypse and of the prophecies of Daniel, may not unfairly be dubbed "cranks" and that they are "theory-ridden." But while employing singularly delicate tests, Dr. Shanahan never does violence to his text, he has no theory to bolster up, no fantastic views touching the relation of the Synoptists to one another, and he never shirks any passage which seems to run counter to the view he upholds. It is not easy to set forth his principles and the conclusions he arrives at without condensing his papers unduly. But it will make for clearness if we set down at once what these conclusions are. Briefly, then, there are four "Comings" of Christ indicated in the Gospel narrative: (a) He comes to Israel in power; (b) to the world in glory; (c) to the individual at death; and (d), there is the coming of His Church as a great historical world-wide movement.

Let us follow Dr. Shanahan step by step: he sets out by giving us *in extenso* the various statements of Our Lord which deal with His "Coming," and he points out that if we identify the advent of the "Kingdom of Heaven" with "the end of the world" and with "the end of Israel," then we shall have to identify with these such other expressions as "the end of the age," "the regeneration," etc. If, however, it should appear that the "Kingdom of Heaven" is viewed as having a history, as being, in other words, a period rather than a point, then it will be clear that we cannot identify it with such fixed points as the end of Israel or of the world. The fundamental mistake of modern criticism has lain precisely in this identification. To begin with, then, it is undeniable that this "Kingdom" is portrayed as an enduring thing; how could this be more clearly indicated than in the description of the "many" who shall "come from the East and the West and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven, but the

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sons of the Kingdom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness" ?

Here we have a kingdom which is to be founded and into which a multitude shall enter. Further we are allowed a glimpse of certain "sons of the Kingdom" who shall not enter in. Would it be easy to find any passage which more clearly portrayed the simultaneous destruction of one kingdom with the founding of another? The same picture is afforded us in the parable of the Marriage Feast: the invited guests failed, their city was consequently destroyed, and—subsequently to this destruction—the Kingdom was to be recruited from the highways and byways.* Supposing—as indeed, seems certain—that by the "destruction of the city" is meant the Fall of Jerusalem, it seems clear that the end of the Kingdom which is to replace it cannot come immediately after that event, the recruitment demands time. Hence the thought is clearly "of a new historical process about to begin, not of one soon to compass its allotted span." The same thought meets us in the parable of the Kingdom likened to "a grain of mustard seed" into which "when it is grown up" the birds will come and nest.† Nor are positive statements to this effect wanting: "The Kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and given to a nation bringing forth its fruits,"‡ side by side with which we should set the final commission given to the disciples "Going therefore, teach all nations"§ and the declaration, "The Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole inhabited earth as a testimony to all nations, and then shall the end come."||

St. Matthew, then, regarded the Kingdom of Heaven as an historical world-movement which was then about to be begun. It is impossible that he can have identified it with episodes such as the end of Israel or of the world. Neither could he have identified "the Gospel" or "Good news" of the Coming "Kingdom" with the Final Judgment and the Lord's "Return in glory." Christ

* Matt. xxii. 1-14.

§ *Ibid.* xxviii. 19.

† *Ibid.* xiii. 31-2.

|| *Ibid.* xxiv. 14.

‡ *Ibid.* xxi. 43.

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proclaims the Coming of the Kingdom in the historical sense of establishment rather than in the eschatological one of consummation.

A very real difficulty, however, is presented by St. Matthew's constant use of the near-future verb, μέλλειν, which seems to indicate the practically immediate fulfilment of something. St. Matthew uses this verb ten times, as for instance, "the Son of man shall (is about to) come in the glory of His Father."* At first sight it would seem that this must mean that He is to come at once, more especially when we note that in most of the other instances of the use of this near-future verb, immediateness is not only suggested but does come to pass. It is noteworthy, however, that in all these ten instances of its use the Evangelist is dealing with the fulfilment of prophecy. Now it is a commonplace that prophetic necessity or certainty of fulfilment is indicated by the use of the near future or—in the Old Testament—by the use of the present or even of the past.† When once we hold this clue in our hands, we see that it is emphasis on the certainty of fulfilment rather than on its precise time that is insisted on. Thus "Herod shall" is merely "Herod is to,"‡ "the wrath to come" is "the wrath that is to come"; § this is especially clear in the case of "Elias who is to come,"|| where not only is futurity not implied but is positively excluded, since all that is stated is the actual present relationship between Elias and the Baptist. When we now turn to the passage

* Matt. xvi. 27; cf. ii. 13, iii. 7, xi. 14, xii. 32, xvii. 12, xvii. 22, xx. 17 in some MSS., xx. 22, xxiv. 6.

† Thus note St. Jerome on Ephes. ii. 6, *P.L.* XXVI. 468, "Scripture is wont to describe the future in the past; for example, when speaking of the Lord's Cross, 'they have digged My hands and feet . . .'; elsewhere, of His Passion, 'He was led as a sheep to the slaughter,' and again, 'For the sins of My people was He led to death' (so the LXX text of Isaiah liii. 8). And this because since things that are future are always uncertain—lest men's hopes should fluctuate and vacillate; for the things that God knows as future (and with Him nothing is doubtful) are narrated as though they had already taken place so that since, as the philosophical say, things done can never be made not done, those who hear these things may hold as already done things that are really future." Note, too, St. Augustine *Tract* lxxxvi. 1, on John xv. 15-6, as compared with xvi. 12; similarly, *Tract* cv. 1, on John xvii. 1-3.

‡ Matt. ii. 13.

§ *Ibid.* iii. 7.

|| *Ibid.* xi. 14.

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above quoted, where the presence of this near-future verb seems at first sight to compel us to accept the theory that Christ really contemplated His Coming as imminent and—since it has not yet come—was therefore deceived and consequently was not God at all, the first thing that strikes us is that we have here two prophecies in juxtaposition, and that we have no right to dissociate them as is too often done when the precise meaning of one or the other passage is brought in question. For the entire passage runs: (a) "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father, with His Angels; and then will He render to every man according to his works." And (b) "Amen I say to you, there are some of them that stand here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in His Kingdom." It is but natural that at first sight we should identify these two things: the Coming in glory to judge and the Coming in His Kingdom. But we have already seen that whereas the Final Judgment is a point in history the Kingdom on the contrary is envisaged as an historical process. It would seem, then, that we have two distinct concepts here in juxtaposition; and we certainly have two distinct prophecies. For the former is taken from Enoch:* "In that day My Elect One will sit on the throne of His glory, and make choice among their deeds. . . . And he sat on the throne of His glory, and the sum of judgment was committed to Him." This unquestionably refers to the Final Coming to judge the world. But the second prophecy is taken from Daniel, where the prophet says that in his vision he saw "One like unto the Son of man (who) came with the clouds of heaven, and He came even to the Ancient of days and they presented Him before Him. And he gave Him power and glory and a kingdom; and all peoples, tribes and tongues shall serve Him, His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away, and His kingdom that shall not be destroyed."† Before investigating further we must recall the fact that prophecy is of its nature foreshortened, that it has a perspective

* Enoch xlv. 3; lxix. 27.

† Dan. vii. 13-4.

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of its own and that the closeness of events in prophetic vision may readily lead to the supposition that they are therefore closely connected in point of time. This apparently was the cause of the false position adopted by the Jewish leaders. They had lost the sense of perspective in dealing with the prophecies touching the Messiah; they failed to distinguish between the two "Comings": the Coming to found His Kingdom and the Coming to judge the Kingdom. For them the advent of the Messiah was to mark the opening of the Kingdom of His glory and His Judgment. The shock to them when they found that one who claimed to be the Messiah yet disclaimed all regal dignity was intelligible. But is it intelligible that when the Messiah came, He should have failed to point out their mistake? He in Whom all prophecies were to find their fulfilment must have taught His hearers how to read them. But critics seem to suppose that Christ only "opened to them the Scriptures" when it is expressly stated that He did so; they do not seem to grasp the fact that at every turn, at every moment of the day, Christ was forming the minds of His disciples and that this training consisted perforce in—so to speak—"de-Judaizing" their conceptions of His mission. It is only when we seize hold of this really elementary fact in the study of the Gospels that we can arrive at a true understanding of the varied teaching by direct sermons, by parables, by miracles, and above all, by His daily life. For the three years of public ministry constituted a long-drawn out battle with the forces of official Judaism which based itself upon its faulty interpretation of the Prophets, an interpretation which was mainly faulty owing to its lack of perception of the true perspective in which alone those prophecies could be rightly viewed. This aspect of Christ's life and teaching is well brought out by Origen who indeed constantly dwells on it: "The Law and the Prophet's sayings had not, previous to Christ's coming, the same message to give as is enshrined in the definition of the 'Gospel' given above (see below) for He had not yet come Who should unlock the mysteries contained in

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them.”* Origen had just previously defined the “Gospel” by saying that “each single Gospel is a heaping together of announcements profitable for one who comes to it with faith and who does not understand it otherwise than it should be understood. Since, too, each Gospel brings profit it also rightly begets joy, since it teaches us of the saving advent to men and for men of the First-born of every creature, namely Jesus Christ. Moreover each Gospel may be termed a prayer, teaching us of the coming of a good Father in His Son for them that are willing to receive Him; this is clear to every believer.”† Again, when commenting on the words “there hath stood one in the midst of you Whom ye know not,” Origen asks, “Was He not in Isaias when he said, ‘The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, wherefore He hath annointed me’ and ‘I was made manifest to them that sought Me not’? Will anyone say that He was not in David when he said, ‘I am appointed by Him King on Sion His holy mount,’ and indeed in whatsoever things are written in the Psalms in the Person of Christ?”‡

Consequently Christ’s teaching must have been to an immense extent corrective, an enforcement of a due perspective in understanding the prophets. If then we return to the two prophecies which St. Matthew has put in juxtaposition we find—to quote Dr. Shanahan’s own words :

Jesus has divided the prophecies concerning the end of Israel into two distinct statements, where Palestine saw but one! Owing to that crowded form of predicting events, which was characteristic of Hebrew prophecy, and not meant for close temporal sequence, Daniel was understood to say that at the time of the end, “The Son of man would be given power, and glory, and a Kingdom.” Jesus omits the word “glory” from the quotation, when speaking of the coming of the Son of man in connection with the fall of Jerusalem. He omits it not only here, in the sixteenth chapter, but in the tenth, and twenty-fourth as well : nay, in all the six cases above enumerated,§ where the

* *Tom. I. 8 in Joan. P. G. XIV. 34.*

† *Tom. VI. 25 in Joan. P. G. XIV. 266.*

§ *Matt. x. 23, xvi. 28, xxiv. 27, 37, 39, 44.*

† *Ibid. 7.*

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city is the subject of reference. The only instance where the words "power and glory" are mentioned together in the same verse is in the eschatological discourse, where the Lord is speaking of the end of the world as distinct from the end of Israel. Even in the much-misunderstood reply of Jesus to His judges: "From now on, you shall see the Son of man seated on the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven" the word "glory" is again conspicuously lacking.*

In other words, then, Daniel had foretold two distinct things: a Coming in power—and that Christ is to fulfil in the destruction of Jerusalem with the consequent ending of Israel, and a coming in glory—which is not to be fulfilled till He shall come to judge this world.

We consider this discovery—for it is a discovery—of immense importance, for it affords us a test which we can apply at once and which is found to fit the lock and open up the secrets in a fashion which might almost be termed "uncanny." It shows us that the "Return" of the King was never intended when the prophets and Christ their "corner-stone" spoke of His Coming in power, and that consequently the two "Advents" which the Church has ever spoken of are to be distinguished from one another, not because the Coming in glory has in some inexplicable way not yet come to pass—though Christ and His prophets predicted that it would, but because Christ in point of fact never did say that it was to come immediately. We begin to see that in all these declarations He was opening up before the eyes of the Apostles as they slowly shed their Jewish prepossessions a vista the starting point of which was to be His Coming in power, the destruction of the city of those who had not responded to His invitation; that the destruction of this already existing Kingdom which should have been ready to receive Him marks the inauguration of another Kingdom which is to last to the "end of the age," which is to receive within its bounds vast multitudes, which is to embrace all nations, and which is to culminate in that final Coming when He will sift the

* *The Catholic World*, April, 1918, pp. 80-1.

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wheat from the chaff and when His Angels shall go forth to gather all men to judgment.

It would take us beyond our limits were we to follow out this investigation in all its details, for that the reader must go to Dr. Shanahan's own pages. But there remain one or two points which call for examination. Every student will ask : What light does this investigation throw on the great discourse *On the Last Things* which has always caused such heart-burnings ? We note, then, that the disciples put three questions on that occasion to the Master Who had taught them so carefully. He had foretold that "not a stone should be left on a stone" of the wondrous temple on which they were gazing. They therefore asked : "*When shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of Thy Coming, and of the end of the age ?*" Now, it is quite clear that the first question concerned the threatened destruction of the City and therefore by implication of the reign of Israel. It is truly amazing to reflect how persistently critics have taken it for granted that the Apostles were asking when the end of the *world* should come ! If that really was their question, then truly all the months of corrective teaching had been in vain ! To this question, however, Our Lord vouches no definite answer ; it was not necessary they should know the precise hour when the City should fall. That was to be the hour of His Coming in His Kingdom ; it was sufficient to know that "some of them should not taste death" before that hour struck, and that one of them was especially singled out to "stay till I come." They must use their natural judgment ; the signs will be easy to read ; the generation then living will witness it.*

He then passes to the answer to their second question, "What shall be the sign of Thy Coming ?" Now we have seen already that St. Matthew never represents Christ as using the bare expression "Coming" when He is speaking of His Final Coming to Judgment ; He always appends the words "in the glory of His Father with the Angels." He does not halve Daniel's prophecy as He

* Matt. xvi. 28.

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does here and elsewhere. What, however, the Apostles found it hard to seize was the idea that there was not to be, concomitantly with the fall of the city, a "Coming" of the Messiah in glory to inaugurate a reign of triumph even if the Final Judgment were still far removed. But Christ views His Kingdom in which He is to come as an historical process which has already begun. That is why He said to Caiaphas, "From now onwards * you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God;" "from henceforth and onwards": it is a process, the opening of an epoch is plainly referred to. Did Caiaphas understand? Possibly. But did the Apostles and the Evangelists understand, or were they entirely at sea when they heard this kind of teaching set forth again and again? If they did not understand, then how can we be expected to unravel a document which, on that supposition, was penned by men who simply did not grasp what they were writing? Yet the Gospels are presumed to have been written to show us the way to heaven! Most assuredly then the Apostles did understand what they heard, and they wrote it down clearly; it is we who have been purblind, not they. And when we say "we," understand the world of critics; for God's Church has always understood and has always taught a twofold "Coming" of Christ, the first in a passible body, the second in glory. Further, the Church has always taught that Christianity was in the truest sense the reign of Christ on earth, but a reign of trouble for those who would follow after and would "take up their cross"; "through much tribulation," said Paul and Barnabas, must we enter into the Kingdom of God."† The Church has also consistently taught that this passing Kingdom of Christ is to be consummated and that there will come a day when Christ will "present to Himself a glorious Church not having spot nor wrinkle . . . but holy and without blemish."‡ So, too, the Church has always taught that Christ comes to each individual at death: "it is appointed unto man once to die and after this the judgment." §

* Matt. xxvi. 64. † Acts xiv. 21. ‡ Ephes. v. 27. § Heb. ix. 27.

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The Apostles, then, and the Evangelists understood Christ's teaching, unless we are to suppose that their years of training were in vain. When, then, they put their threefold question on the Mount of Olives, we must not simply interpret those questions in the light of the answers vouchsafed, but in the light of that training. For, as St. Cyril of Alexandria expresses it, "A wondrous and indeed Divine artifice did the Lord use in forming and establishing the minds of His disciples. For since they were to be the teachers of the entire world and since all were to imitate them as the very norm and type of the Gospel.

... *"

To return to their second question: "What then shall be the sign of Thy Coming?" they ask, "and of the end of the age?" Beware of joining the two distinct questions and making them one and so referring to one and the same event. Is it His "Coming" "in glory"? The word "glory," as we have already learned, is only used when Christ is speaking of His final Coming to judge this world and that is necessarily to be identified with the "end of the age." But that is their third question: "what shall be the sign of the end of the age?" In their second question, then, they must needs refer to His "Coming" "in power," that is for the uprooting of the Kingdom of Israel and the planting of His own which is only to come to its consummation when it shall have gathered in its destined multitudes and passed through "much tribulation." How does Our Lord answer them? He begins by warning them not to be misled. "Take heed that no man seduce you!" Then He dwells on the tribulations attaching to His Kingdom on earth, 6-14, closing with yet another hint as to the length of time it is to endure, "these are the beginning of sorrows . . . and this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world . . . and then shall the consummation come." Then and then only, 15-28, does He give them the sign they ask: when they shall see the sign foretold by Daniel then "let he that readeth understand." This section

* *Lib. X.* 26, on St. John xv.

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closes with the words which have so unnecessarily puzzled commentators, "Whosoever the body shall be there shall the eagles be gathered together." It is a reference to many prophecies which His Jewish hearers would at once grasp. For as Job,* Isaias, Micheas and other prophets† show us, the "body" or the carcass is Israel! Christ identifies, that is, His Coming in power with the destruction of Jerusalem. And here we may remark that Dr. Shanahan's handling of the prophecies is one of the best things in this series of papers.

But immediately there comes the *crux* of all who have studied these so-called eschatological chapters. For Christ at once goes on to say: "And immediately after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be darkened . . . and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man from heaven . . . coming with much power and majesty." *Immediately!* "Exactly," critics say, "*immediately* after the destruction of Jerusalem, after His inauguration of His Kingdom, Christ expected His own Final Coming in glory to judge this world! What could be plainer? And He has not yet come in glory, therefore He was mistaken, and therefore He was either not God at all, or we are face to face with a hint as to the nature of that 'Kenosis,' or 'emptying of Himself' to which St. Paul refers,‡ and we have to say that His knowledge was 'limited' or 'conditioned' by His Human Nature, and then as a necessary consequence we never can decide where we are to trust His sayings, quite apart from the probably bungling way in which His rustic disciples have reported Him!" The dilemma seems complete: we must either surrender the Divinity of the Messias or we must acknowledge that the Evangelists themselves have been at fault and that consequently the Gospel narratives cannot be taken literally and their inspired character becomes a negligible quantity, or—a third alternative which is at least possible—that it is we

* Job xxix. 27-30.

† Isaias v. 26; Mich. i. 16; Osee viii. 1; Hab. i. 8; Amos viii. 1-3; Jer. xxxiv. 20; Deut. xxviii. 25-6, 49, etc.

‡ Phil. ii. 7-8.

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who are wrong and that we have allowed ourselves to be misled by identifying the "Coming in power" with the "Coming in glory," owing to our fatal habit of reading condensed prophecy without a due sense of prophetic perspective. How then explain the awkward fact that after describing the Coming of Christ in power to destroy the Kingdom of Israel,* Christ adds "And immediately after the tribulations of those days" shall be the Last Judgment? It is clear that the whole question turns on the precise meaning attaching to the expression "those days;" does it necessarily mean the days connected with that "point" in time which will mark the destruction of Jerusalem and the overthrow of the Kingdom which it represented? May it not equally well mean the "days" during which the Kingdom which Christ is to establish on the ruins of the destroyed Kingdom is to last? In other words, is there not good ground for supposing that by "those days" are meant the long historical process denoted by the gradual unfolding of Christ's Kingdom on earth, which is but preparatory to the final Consummation of that Kingdom at the Last Coming or the Last Judgment? Manifestly if this possibility exists we are bound to embrace it, since it apparently affords us the only way out of the impasse in which modern criticism has landed us: viz., that Christ expected and foretold an immediate Coming to Judgment, and that since this expectation has not been realized, He was mistaken and consequently cannot be God Himself save in some peculiarly limited and unintelligible sense.

Now one very curious fact emerges as we study these various passages which deal with Christ's "Comings"; it is this: whenever Christ is speaking of the Kingdom that is to come in power, in other words, of the destruction of Israel and the consequent inauguration of His Kingdom upon earth, He uses the second person or its equivalent; whereas when He is speaking of the Kingdom that is to come in glory and with the Angels, of that Kingdom, namely, which is to be the consummation of His Kingdom

* Matt. xxiv. 15-28.

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on earth and which is to be ushered in by the last Judgment, Christ always uses the third person. To take some examples : " You shall not have finished all the cities of Israel till the Son of man come ; " * and again, " There are some of them that stand here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in His Kingdom, " † where this is the equivalent of the second person, since it is addressed to those who were actually present ; once more : " You shall not see Me henceforth until you say ' Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, ' " ‡ and lastly : " From now on, " He says to Caiaphas, " you shall see the Son of man seated on the right hand of power and coming in on the clouds of heaven. " § All these passages, as we have already seen, refer to His first Coming — " in power, " not " in glory. " Now compare those which speak of His Coming " in glory " or " with His Angels " : " The Son of man shall send forth His Angels and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all scandals, etc. " || So, too, " The Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His Angels, and then shall He render to every one according to his works " ; ¶ or again, " In the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, you also shall sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. " ** It is evident that in this last instance the second person is simply necessitated by the context and is no exception to the rule stated above. Again : " Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven ; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn ; and they shall see the Son of man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory " ; †† once more : " But when the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the Angels with Him, then shall He sit on the throne of His glory, and all the nations shall be gathered before Him. " ‡‡

Will anyone maintain that these subtle changes of person are mere accident ? Are they not rather proofs

* Matt. x. 23.

§ *Ibid.* xxvi. 64.

** *Ibid.* xix. 28.

† *Ibid.* xvi. 28.

|| *Ibid.* xiii. 41.

†† Matt. xxiv. 30.

‡ *Ibid.* xxiii. 39.

¶ *Ibid.* xvi. 27.

‡‡ *Ibid.* xxv. 31-2.

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that divine inspiration watches over each syllable of the written record of revelation lest it should mislead us as to Christ's exact meaning? Now in the passage under discussion, viz., "immediately after the tribulation of those days . . ." we have the third person throughout, a remarkable change from the second person which had been so marked a feature of the preceding verses. But what about the expression "those days" which seems in the text to follow so closely upon the description of the last days of Israel that we almost feel compelled to understand that the Christ expected His Coming in glory to follow immediately upon—if not to accompany—that destruction? We pointed out above that it is only from vv. 15-28 that Our Lord answers the question: What shall be the sign of Thy Coming? In the previous verses He had told them of the troubles which would herald His Final Coming; for the third question had been: What shall be the sign of the end of the age? And He had taken occasion from this question to show them how lengthy a process was to be the history of His Kingdom: "Wars and rumours of wars . . . but the end is not yet. Nation against nation . . . but these things are only the beginning of sorrows. Many false prophets shall arise, charity shall grow cold, only he that shall persevere to the end shall be saved; not until this Gospel of the Kingdom shall have been preached in the whole world shall the consummation come." It is a long-drawn-out process. What shall be the sign of its inception—of the starting of that Kingdom or reign of Christ upon earth? It is given us immediately in vv. 15-28. What shall be its close? The sudden Coming of the Son of man in Judgment, vv. 29-31. In other words vv. 15-28 are an inset dealing with the signs that shall herald the advent of Christ's Kingdom on earth which shall synchronize with the destruction of Jerusalem; omit these verses for a moment and read vv. 4-14, 29-31, consecutively and we find that the sequence of thought is perfect and that "the tribulations of those days," v. 29, is simply the tribulation characteristic of His Kingdom as an historical

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process which has been sketched for us in vv. 4-14. Apply the test of the change of person which we indicated above and you find at once that in 4-14 and 29-31 the third person is used, whereas in vv. 15-28 it is the second person or its equivalent; the latter is used when it is the first Coming that is in question, the former when it is the second Coming. Now pass on to vv. 32ff. The second person is used throughout and the attention of Christ's hearers is directed by degrees to the individual rather than to the community in general: Christ will "Come" to each at death irrespective of His Final Coming to the world as a whole; and this point is developed practically throughout the whole of the following chapter. When we hold this key in our hands we are at once enabled to open the lock presented by the seemingly insoluble difficulty in v. 34, "Amen I say to you: this generation shall not pass till all these things be done!" What are "these things"? Are they "the tribulation of those days" in v. 29? Or are they merely a continuation of the picture afforded us in vv. 15-28? Undoubtedly the latter—the person used decides it, the context demands it, the doctrine of Christ's Divinity stands or falls by it.

To sum up: the *Parousia* or Coming of Christ is not a single event as Rabbinic interpretation of the prophecies had led men to expect and as modern criticism, following upon Jewish lines of thought rather than Christian, has encouraged us to fancy; it is fourfold. He Comes first in the destruction of the City that had rejected His invitation; this is His "Coming in power," and it synchronizes with His Coming in His earthly Kingdom or Rule upon earth, a Rule which is but preparatory to His Final Rule over all in His perfected and purified Kingdom in Heaven, "Afterwards the end," says the Apostle, "when He shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God and the Father."* Further than this: He will "Come" to each individual soul at its departure from the body. The impasse into which criticism has fallen and which has

* 1 Cor. xv. 24.

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resulted in its disastrous bankruptcy has arisen from the failure to distinguish these various "Comings." The marvel is that though we have not hitherto been able to apportion these "Comings" to the various sections of the inspired text which treat of them, the Church of God has ever steered a clear and undeviating course through the seeming tangle presented by the inspired record, and has always taught Her children this sound doctrine. The reason is that, apart from her own Divine character and commission she has ever held to the absolute Divinity of Her Redeemer without any attempt at qualifying it by suggesting limitations to His knowledge or imputing ignorance or error to His Apostles and Evangelists.

In conclusion: we cannot speak too highly of Dr. Shanahan's work. His methods are highly critical, and yet he has not let himself be misled by the tools he has employed. Space has perforce compelled us to attempt the impossible task of presenting his work in a condensed form which may perchance mislead. But the enquirer can consult the original work which will, we trust, speedily appear in book form. We hope, too, that he will shortly present us with a similar study of St. Paul's treatment of the problem. We have but one criticism to make. Dr. Shanahan holds, that when St. Peter said that he was "assured that the laying aside of this my tabernacle is at hand according as the Lord Jesus hath signified to me," * he was not referring to a private revelation of his approaching death. But why exclude a private revelation? Why should such a revelation have "aroused curiosity and excitement"? Presumably it was not divulged till St. Peter himself spoke of it in this Epistle. This is, however, a minor point, and in no sense detracts from the really solid work Dr. Shanahan has done.

HUGH POPE, O.P.

* 2 Peter i. 14.

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WITHIN limits most people could say what special form of writing they prefer. Even the most just literary judgment may be subject to preferences for one kind of greatness over another kind. If the great book which is the subject of this article has in some way just missed people's preferences, that and nothing else may account for the neglect of it. It is possible that many of those even who are alert for treasure have an unconscious preference for finding it elsewhere than in a story about a whale-hunt. This much-ignored book is *Moby Dick*, written in 1851 by Herman Melville, and it is the story of the hunting of whales in general and of a white whale in particular.

Though it tells with scientific accuracy of every part of the whale and every detail of its capture, it is a work of wonderful and wild imagination. His whale is real, like Blake's tiger, but in thinking of it he occasionally loses hold of reality as we know it—as Blake's imagination also flies loose from his sinewy tiger to infinity. Herman Melville has that rarest quality, rare even in genius, of wildness, imagination escaping out of bounds. But the whale is the cause—this natural object, and its order, and the truth that we know of it, and its laws, are the occasion of his wildness. There may be people who do not love such an occasion for imagination. There are all those, one must always remember, who like to find imagination, for instance, in fairies, fantasies, trees with living limbs, imps, gnomes, etc. If they can enter by that easy open door, how should they expect that a whale, its measurements, its blubber, its oil, its lashless eyes, its riddled brow, and harpoons and ropes and buckets are the way to imagination? Preferences will range people into two groups in this regard. One group requires that imagination shall begin in facts, and in its wildest flights shall still owe an acknowledgment to fact, and requires, too, to believe that Truth is at the other unseen end of that imagining. The other group distrusts reality or the natural object even for a start, and would not wait to

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E measure a whale, but hastens after a fairy whom fancy can make as large or as small as it likes. Or, since terms of fact, such as colour, must be used in description, then mere profusion is supposed to lend fancy. The fairy's robe may be of many colours, there is no reason why one should be excluded. Is that profusion imagination?—or will imagination not rather spring from some great restriction, such as the whiteness of this whale—whiteness “which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood?” Fairies have no starting-place in valuable reality, and, what is worse, no ultimate reality to arrive at. Fairies begin and end in themselves. The very freedom allowed to fancy in that world of fairy (or faerie as believers like it written) is somehow fatal to its interest; it has the deadly freedom of being utterly outside truth.

But it is of facts and figures that the imagination in *Moby Dick* is made. The story is of a whaling voyage in the *Pequod*, under Captain Ahab, who has already lost a leg to the white whale known as Moby Dick. As the captain, that blighted, implacable man with his pointed ivory leg, his moody passion and his wild musings, becomes gradually known to his crew, they discover that they are not following the ordinary course and running the ordinary risks of a normal whaling voyage, but are taking part in a ceaseless hunt for the white whale, sacrificing the normal profits of whaling, multiplying the usual risks, defying every adversity of weather or superstitious symbol, in order that the maddened captain may bring a doom of revenge upon the white whale. “I’d strike the sun if it insulted me,” he says. The ship scours the seas, one vast empty ocean after another—for to Captain Ahab that sea is empty which does not hold the white whale. Tidings of Moby Dick are sometimes heard when the *Pequod* speaks another lonely whale ship; he has been seen, perhaps, last year in another sea, and every rumour of him tells of his havoc among boats and men. To say here what doom falls might be to impair for the reader the terrors of that

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search and of the encounter at last when a hump like a snow-hill and a vast milky forehead of involved wrinkles are seen sliding through a sea that is like a noon-meadow for calmness.

In proceeding now to the extensive quotations which are the object of this article, it will be necessary only to give a general description of the process of whaling, summarized from the book itself, in order that the subject may be clear. Perhaps that praise had better not be too much obtruded which might be of a kind to provoke contention, for it chances that to the present writer Herman Melville satisfies not only every judgment but every inmost preference ; so that it seems as if no greatness that has ever been surpasses his greatness.

Nantucket is the island from which the whaling vessels put off on their three, four or five years' voyage. It is a "mere hillock, an elbow of sand ; all beach, without a background." The Nantucketers are sea-hermits, over-running the watery world :

Two-thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his ; he owns it, as Emperors own empires, other seaman having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges ; armed ones but floating forts ; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea ; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships ; to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home ; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie ; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land ; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows ; so at nightfall the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.

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On board are the captain, three mates, three harpooners, and sailors. From the time of the captain's old encounter with Moby Dick, when in whirling eddies of sinking oars and men he had desperately seized a short line-knife and struck at the whale, "blindly seeking with a six-inch blade to reach the fathom-deep life of the whale," and Moby Dick, "suddenly sweeping his sickle-shaped lower jaw beneath him, had reaped away Ahab's leg, as a mower a blade of grass in the field," he had madly identified the whale "not only with all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations":

All that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain; all the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable in Moby Dick. He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it.

To see the captain with his mates, a description may be given of the cabin-table:

Over his ivory-inlaid table Ahab presided like a mute, maned sea-lion on the white coral beach, surrounded by his warlike but still deferential cubs. In his own proper turn, each officer waited to be served. They were as little children before Ahab; and yet, in Ahab, there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance. With one mind, their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man's knife, as he carved the chief dish before him, I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that moment with the slightest observation, even upon so neutral a topic as the weather. No! And when reaching out his knife and fork, between which the slice of beef was locked, Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck's plate towards him, the mate received his meat as though receiving alms; and cut it tenderly; and a little startled if, perchance, the knife grazed against the plate; and chewed it noiselessly; and swallowed it, not without circumspection. For . . . these cabin meals were somehow solemn meals, eaten in awful silence; and yet at table old Ahab forbade not conversation; only he himself was dumb. What a relief it was to choking Stubb, when a rat made a sudden racket in the hold below. And

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poor little Flask, he was the youngest son of this weary family party. His were the shinbones of the saline beef ; his would have been the drumsticks. For Flask to have presumed to help himself, this must have seemed to him tantamount to larceny in the first degree. Had he helped himself at that table, doubtless, never more would he have been able to hold his head up in this honest world ; nevertheless, strange to say, Ahab never forbade him. And had Flask helped himself, the chances were Ahab had never so much as noticed it.

Each mate had his harpooner assigned to him—there was one of these who always brought his own harpoon with him, “deeply intimate with the hearts of whales” ; another an Indian ; another a coal-black negro savage who, when a black storm overtakes the sailors’ revelries, cries, “What of that ? Who’s afraid of black’s afraid of me ! I’m quarried out of it !” When in those same revels of many-nationed sailors, anger quick as the lightning flashes between two of them, and the rest would form a ring for the fight, “Ready formed,” says an old Manx sailor. “There ! the ringed horizon. In that ring Cain struck Abel.”

The mastheads are kept always manned, and the warning is called the moment a whale is seen spouting its vapoury jet on the horizon. (“If ye see a white one, split your lungs for him !” says Ahab.) The three boats are then lowered and put off from the ship to give chase, each with a mate, his harpooner, and the sailors rowing, goaded on by the frenzied exhortations of the mate :

“Sing out and say something, my hearties ! Roar and pull, my thunderbolts ! Beach me, beach me on their black backs, [the whales] boys ; only do that for me, and I’ll sign over to you my Martha’s vineyard plantation, boys ; including wife and children, boys. Lay me on—lay me on ! O Lord, Lord ! but I shall go stark, staring mad !”

Or, when they are flying through the sea after an old bull whale with a strange choking spout (“Who’s got some paregoric ?” said Stubb ; “he has the stomach-ache, I’m afraid. Lord, think of having half an acre of stomach-ache !”) in competition with a German boat :

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"I tell ye what it is, men," cried Stubb to his crew, "it's against my religion to get mad; but I'd like to eat that villainous Yarman—pull—won't ye? Are ye going to let that rascal beat ye? Do ye love brandy? A hogshead of brandy, then, to the best man. Come, why don't some of ye burst a blood-vessel? Who's that been dropping an anchor overboard—we don't budge an inch—we're becalmed. Halloo, here's grass growing in the boat's bottom—and by the Lord, the mast there's budding. This won't do boys. Look at that Yarman!"

A line is attached to the harpoon, and when the iron is darted and lodged in the whale, the boat is torn through the sea, drawn on the line by the flying fish. As the whale slackens the line is hauled in and, the boat ranging close, dart after dart is hurled into the fish in a crimson pond in which the men's reflecting faces glow to each other like red men. As the boat lies along the whale's flank, the mate "slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish." Sometimes the stricken fish sounds.

As the three boats lay there on that gently-rolling sea, gazing into its eternal blue noon; and as not a single groan or cry of any sort, nay, not so much as a ripple or a bubble came up from its depths; what landsman would have thought that beneath all that silence and placidity the utmost monster of the sea was writhing and wrenching in agony! Not eight inches of perpendicular rope were visible at the bows. Seems it credible that by three such thin threads the great leviathan was suspended like the big weight to an eight-day clock? Suspended? and to what? to three bits of board. Is this the creature of whom it was once so triumphantly said—"Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish-spears? The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold, the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon: he esteemeth iron as straw; the arrow cannot make him flee; darts are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." This the creature? this he? Oh! that unfulfilments should follow the prophets. For with the strength of a thousand thighs in his

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tail, leviathan has run his head under the mountains of the sea, to hide him from the *Pequod's* fish-spears !

The dead whale is towed by the three boats to the ship and secured to it. The mate, perhaps, fancies a steak for his supper, and has one cut from the small :

Nor was Stubb the only banqueter on whale's flesh that night. Mingling their mumblings with his own mastications, thousands on thousands of sharks, swarming round the dead leviathan, smackingly feasted on his fatness. The few sleepers below in their bunks were often startled by the sharp slapping of their tails against the hull, within a few inches of the sleepers' hearts.

With a hook and windlass the whale's blubber or skin, which later will yield a hundred barrels of oil, is peeled off in strips and lowered to the blubber-room, where it is cut into portable pieces and later it is minced for the pots. The fire beneath the try-pots is fed by fritters of this same blubber, still unctuous even after being tried-out. So that the whale burns by his own body, even as all is done in the forecabin by lamps of his own oil—for the whaler is one who hunts his light, "as a traveller on the prairie hunts up his own supper of game." The whale's huge head, one-third of its entire bulk, is cut off and hoisted against the ship's side, and the peeled white body is allowed to drift away amid insatiate sharks and screaming fowl into infinite perspective. In the head is the deep cistern of about five hundred gallons of sperm oil, which is tapped with tackle and poles and a bucket, which comes up "all bubbling like a dairymaid's pail of new milk." The oil in large tubs cools and crystallizes into lumps which must be squeezed back into fluid :

Squeeze ! squeeze ! squeeze ! all the morning long ; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it ; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me ; and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-labourers' hands in it, mistaking their hands for the gentle globules. Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget, that at last I was continually squeezing their hands, and looking up into their eyes sentimentally, as much as to say,—“ Oh ! my

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dear fellow beings, why should we longer cherish any social acerbities, or know the slightest ill-humour or envy ! Come, let us squeeze hands all round ; nay, let us all squeeze ourselves into each other ; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness ! ”

Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm for ever ! For now, since by many prolonged, repeated experiences, I have perceived that in all cases man must eventually lower, or at least shift, his conceit of attainable felicity ; not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy ; but in the wife, the heart, the bed, the table, the saddle, the fireside, the country ; now that I have perceived all this, I am ready to squeeze ‘case’ eternally. In thoughts of the visions of the night, I saw long rows of angels in paradise, each with his hands in a jar of spermaceti.

Finally, the oil is decanted off into casks and struck down into the hold, “where once again leviathan returns to his native profundities.” When the ship and mariners, suffused with unctuousness after ninety-six hours of this affair of oil, are purged and cleansed, the heavy labour is at an end. “But mark : aloft there, at the three mastheads, stand three men intent on spying out more whales, which, if caught, infallibly will again soil the old oaken furniture, and drop at least one small grease spot somewhere.”

Herman Melville man-handles his leviathan in every part, his brow, his featureless face, his tucked-away eye, his ear smaller than a hare’s, his ribs, his vertebræ—though, as he penetrates, “Have a care,” he warns himself, “how you seize the privilege of Jonah alone.” He has copied into these pages, from his right arm, the measurements recorded there, tattooing being his only means of preserving such valuable statistics. “But as I was crowded for space,” he says, “and wished the other parts of my body to remain a blank page for a poem I was then composing, I did not trouble myself with the odd inches.” (His humour cannot be spoken of separately, it is inextricable from his greatness, his very gloom is made with it.) On a point of size he puts Pliny right. “And if ever I go where Pliny is, I, a whalesman, will

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make bold to tell him so." He considers whether the furious hunt will exterminate whales, and decides not :

As, upon the invasion of their valleys, the frosty Swiss have retreated to their mountains ; so, hunted from the savannas and glades of the middle seas, the whale-bone whales can at last resort to their Polar citadels, and, diving under the ultimate glassy barriers and walls there, come up among icy fields and floes ; and in a charmed circle of everlasting December bid defiance to all pursuit from man.

And all the time amid ghastly terror and disaster the captain's mad purpose is intensifying itself, defying the broken mates and half-mutinous crew, and wilder grow his great musings. To the sea he says : " Oh ! thou dark Hindoo half of nature, who of drowned bones hast builded thy separate throne somewhere in the heart of these unverdured seas ; thou art an infidel, thou queen, and too truly speakest to me in the wide-slaughtering Typhoon, and the hushed burial of its after-calm." And to the sun, as he takes his latitude :

Thou high and mighty Pilot ! thou tellest me truly where I *am*—but canst thou cast the least hint where I *shall* be ? Or canst thou tell where some other thing besides me is this moment living ? Where is Moby Dick ? This instant thou must be eyeing him. These eyes of mine look into the very eye that is even now beholding him ; aye, and into the eye that is even now equally beholding the objects on the unknown, thither side of thee, thou sun !

What is quoted here is but a hint of the Shakespearean grandeur of Ahab. Any quotation here bears the same relation, or less than the same, to the whole quality of the book as these few paragraphs bear to its quantity—its five hundred close pages. If these quotations do not make the reader tremble with what is given to him, it is because in the book alone, and not to be pulled out by finger-fulls, that trembling revelation awaits him. These quotations are necessarily but the approach to the matter of the book ; to this part the reader can give his part ; to the whole he cannot give less than his whole. It is

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better to leave Ahab almost unhinted at ; you cannot enter fleetingly into that overwhelming world of his spirit. Or, to take leave of him externally we will see him for the last time when—a small incident in the terrible climax—his ivory leg has been snapped off, leaving a short sharp splinter. “Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb!—d’ye see it? But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched ; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me, than this dead one that’s lost. Nor white whale, nor man, nor fiend, can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being. Can any lead touch yonder floor, any mast scrape yonder roof ? ”

Readers of the book will see that this is the greatest of sea-writers whom even Conrad must own as master. Barrie confessedly owes him his Captain Hook. Great isolated fame Herman Melville must have in many an individual mind which, having once known him, is then partly made of him for ever. But how little *Moby Dick* is generally known is exemplified by a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* recently, who, in a clever article on Herman Melville, did not even mention this book, as if his fame really rested on those better-known and comparatively insignificant stories, *Typee* and *Omoo*. Though *Moby Dick* has been published in England, and has been included in the “Everyman” series, it is at present out of print.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

THROUGH CONVENT WINDOWS

TERESA OF LISIEUX

WE cannot compare the great Spanish mother, Teresa of Avila, with her modern child, the "little" Teresa of Lisieux. The only point of comparison is the object for which each Teresa lived and died. The rest is largely contrast. St. Teresa had a beautiful natural character, as perfect in its nobility and charm as any can be under the universal blight. She speaks of her faults with a grand humility, but we search for them in vain, unless we count as fault the lofty Spanish pride, so easily dissipated by her glorious sense of humour. Richly endowed by nature, Teresa de Ahumada would have been remembered for her personality and genius even if, as Teresa of Jesus, she had not found her place among immortals by her rarer gifts of grace. "After having gazed upon Christ Our Lord, His wonderful beauty remained stamped upon my mind, and even to this day it remains living and complete. To have seen Him only once would have been enough for that ; but how much more, then, seeing that my Lord has given this favour so often ?" Her faith had passed into vision : she had crossed the frontier of our usual life. Nor do we find in the ingenuous record of her inner experiences the peculiar trials and temptations of the modern soul. She suffered indeed, intensely, mysteriously, but not in the way of her young namesake, who knew our later case better, and is more our own by intelligent sympathy dearly bought by this personal knowledge—for nothing comes cheaply in the spiritual world.

It is here that the outlook of the French Teresa is extended into vistas of which the daughter of Catholic Spain knew nothing. Teresa of Avila is all that is best and most real in the Renaissance ; her Carmel was indeed a new birth of old treasures. Thérèse of Lisieux is of the Nineteenth Century, a true child of the France

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of her time. The French mind, the French subtlety of perception, the French acute sense of values, come to her out of her environment—out of her own temperament. She was a creature of exquisite impressionableness, and—may we say it?—of highly strung nerves. She belongs to us : she is of our age. Her life was one of blind faith, faith that went down into crushing temptation and fought its victorious way out of it all into perfect confidence and surrender. One has but to read that pathetically heroic chapter in the Autobiography on “The Night of the Soul” to understand the courage of this young heart, which can yet cry in her terrible darkness : “Thou hast given me, O Lord, delight in all Thou dost.” Apart from this grievous trial of eighteen months, her mature intelligence and artistic nature made her keenly alive to nuances of suffering a less sensitive soul might easily miss. Amidst the endearments of an unusually affectionate and happy home, this child of sunshine, heir to all possible joys and made for life and love as they are generally understood, seems to have penetrated the real meaning of existence almost as soon as she consciously lived it. Her heart was imperious in its demands on others. One has only to read between the lines to recognize in her the possibilities of the spoilt child of the family, shrinkingly alive to praise and blame. She took this difficult, loving, exacting nature and, subjecting it to a fearless self-control, deliberately set herself to root out every fibre of selfishness, laying the victim of her own ruthless generosity at the Feet of Christ on the day when she entered the austere order where her delicate body became the chastened tabernacle of her brave soul. It is not the way of all sanctity—this detailed and searching generosity ; it is French and modern in its awareness and carefulness, yet never narrow or petty or dull or merely scrupulous, but it is what is conveyed by the French “*frais*.” Thérèse had a mind of unusual power ; she saw far and she saw near ; but, because she was a philosopher, she knew herself, and because she was holy, she lived up to her knowledge. On reading over the record of Divine favours to the

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exalted soul of St. Teresa, one feels that it was almost impossible for her to be other than she was, with her combined gifts of nature and grace. Thérèse Martin, in the ordinary way of faith, followed the Truth in her soul, climbing steadily the steep mountain peaks, or treading the long dusty road, or going down into abysses of suffering and spiritual experience which can only be understood by those to whom faith is only faith, and vision is denied ; and all because it was the Way that was also the highway of the crowd.

Rappelle-toi qu'au jour de la victoire,
Tu nous disais : "Celui qui n'a pas vu
Le Fils de Dieu tout rayonnant de gloire,
Il est heureux . . . si quand-même il a cru."
Dans l'ombre de la foi je t'aime et je t'adore :
O Jésus pour te voir j'attends en paix l'aurore.
Que mon désir n'est pas
De te voir ici-bas—
Rappelle-toi.

Thérèse is a star of hope to those who live by faith and not by vision. She belongs to "*nous autres*." In those dark hours, when the soul is tried to its uttermost, this young Carmelite exploited our modern trials. How many have been helped by her in these very ways, and just because of her own courageous experience! We can almost catch the tones of a childish voice exclaiming : "I tell Him that if only He will deign to open (Heaven) to poor unbelievers, I am content to sacrifice all pleasure in the thought of it as long as I live." "Often," writes one of her devoted clients and converts, "during those dark and lonely and hopeless days, in which the supernatural was fast fading from my mind, she would plant herself in my path and remonstrate ; while repeatedly, the thoughts of her own lovely character would flash upon me, and the words ring through my soul : Can rationalism be true, and a life of such beauty and sweetness a lie ? . . . The veil of the Unseen seemed as if suddenly drawn aside and I experienced an indescribable sense as of someone

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very close to me." Her Night was indeed the "opportunity for Light"; her "nothingness" was indeed "capacity," and out of the Wisdom and Love born of her faith and experience comes help to innumerable souls. It seems to be her special province to stand by spirits in their agony, and by the consciousness of her sweet human nearness, to sustain them through the mystery of that anguish which has no name and no adequate description, except that it is of Calvary. It is not the least welcome of the fragrant petals let fall upon our sad old earth since the rose of her own exquisite soul was gathered into eternity. And who shall say they did not blossom from her own deep pain?

Let us not disparage either Teresa by comparison with the other. It is not "the beautiful daughter of the more beautiful Mother," but the manifestation of Divine Love which raises our poor humanity to greater hope by "little sequestered oracles of God" who "never fail throughout the riotous centuries." It is enough that the young modern Teresa was the worthy inheritor of her great Mother's burning heart.

Through such souls,
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

The "Cause" of Teresa of Lisieux has been taken up and carried on with such rapidity that it has reached the process preliminary to her Beatification. Within a decade of years from her death the name of this young member of a strictly cloistered Order has become known all over the world, and the record of her interior life, written by herself at the call of obedience, has been translated not only into every European language, but into dialects and tongues of other continents and remote islands. There must be some reason for the swift and world-wide popularity of this hidden soul who entered Carmel at fifteen and died at twenty-four, and was hardly known in her native town. Holiness alone cannot account for it, since holiness of the same quality may be found in most

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Religious Orders. There are few of us who cannot recall, not one but many, heroines of just such "little" things. But there is something in Teresa that has captured the popular heart, some distinction which has ravished her name from obscurity and placed it among the stars where all can see her in the dark. "Orion's Belt fascinated me especially, for I saw in it a likeness to the letter T. 'Look, Papa!' I would cry, 'my name is written in Heaven.'" It is indeed, and the shining of her Little Way makes a path of stars from horizon to horizon. At the heart of the extraordinary influence which she exercises over the human spirit lies the mystery of *personality*, that expression of Himself which is God's separate gift to every human soul, but which in some is more manifest and seems to reflect something of His own creativeness. A Russian writer has defined it as "the human being in detachment." Certainly this distinguishing part of a person is just that of which he is least aware—evident to others and not to himself. One may discern one's own faults, or even good qualities, but that *essence* of an individual which we call personality is out of reach of the owner's vision. It transcends character, qualities, achievements, because it is exclusively God's gift for His own ends.

If one takes the Autobiography from the standpoint of Northern taste, there is much to irritate the English-minded reader who is still in unconscious mental revolt against the metaphysical manner since its prevalence in the days of Donne and Cowley and Crashaw. The very name "Little Flower," in spite of its lovable meaning, is not our phrase. The abundance of French symbolism and the frequent repetition of the word "little"—"little" ball, "little" top, "little" brush (even Pauline, that gracious and dignified presence which is felt throughout Teresa's history, must be her "little" mother—all this, in spite of the luminous beauty of the original French, might spoil the effect of the tremendous whole were it not for this personality behind it all. Teresa conquers, not because of her innocent conceits, but in

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spite of them: and her appeal has met with its most enthusiastic and enduring response from the English-speaking peoples. This is, perhaps, because of her directness and shining truthfulness. The "little" word is, in reality, the veil which she throws over her own great character. It may be a surprise to those who imagine her a dainty little creature, to learn that she is described by one who saw her on her entrance to Carmel, as a "fine, tall, strong girl." Yet this symbolic style which could be teasing or tiresome has in it nothing exaggerated. Poet as she was, she had the passion for truth which is the essence of poetry. "From illusions, God, in His mercy, has ever preserved me," she writes. And, when a Novice spoke to her before her death of the choirs of lovely angels who would bear her soul to God, she replied: "All these fancies do me no good. I can only be nourished on truth. God and His angels are pure spirits; none can see them with bodily eyes. That is why I have never wished for extraordinary graces. I would rather wait for the eternal vision."

The saints who die young develop early, and concentrate intensely. This is not the effect of precocity, but of the swift maturing of the gifts of the Holy Spirit in the affirmative innocence of such souls and under a hotter sun of Love. The ordinary child is hardly responsible for its own innocence; the young saint is such because informed with Wisdom. "Since I was three," writes Teresa in her *Canticle of Gratitude*, "I have never refused the good God anything."

One notable feature in the "Life" is the part played in it by her parents. The union of Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin was the ideal marriage. Even if there had been no Teresa, their sanctity would have been conspicuous. Madame Martin can only be *felt* in her pretty anecdotes of Teresa's babyhood, and in her manifest influence on her five girls, for she died when the youngest was only four. But Monsieur Martin is a delightful figure throughout the home story. A jeweller by trade (and this fact may be not without its mystical significance),

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this man of the middle class was none the less *preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The spirit of his military father, a brave and devout captain, had descended upon this courageous gentilhomme who also could "refuse nothing to the good God," even the most precious jewels of his stores, whatever the sacrifice to an unusually paternal heart. Teresa's frequent allusions to him show what manner of man he was, but there are two illustrations of his fearless charity, related evidently by one of the surviving sisters in the Carmel, which should find a place in any sketch of his daughter, for they explain something fine and audacious in her own character :

On one occasion M. Martin, like a good Samaritan, was seen to raise a drunken man from the ground in a busy thoroughfare, take his bag of tools, support him on his arm, and lead him home. Another time, when he saw, in a railway station, a poor starving epileptic without the means to return to his distant home, he was so touched with pity that he took off his hat and placing in it an alms, proceeded to beg from the passengers on behalf of the sufferer. Money poured in, and it was with a heart brimming over with gratitude that the sick man blessed his benefactor.

The Love of God was the source and inspiration of the deep and innocent joys of that happy household of Les Buissonnets which unconsciously anticipated the great modern movement consecrating to the Sacred Heart all family life—its pleasures as well as its pains. It is a literal interpretation of the poet's words :

My Darling, know
Your spotless fairness is not match'd in snow,
But in the integrity of fire—
Whate'er you are, Sweet, I require.

The mysterious sacramental dignity of marriage, the lay apostolate then in the infancy of its importance now daily growing in value, were emphasized in the life of this saintly business man who gave to God of his best, and spread abroad the good odour of Christ. The "Autobiography" is also another "Wedding Sermon" preached to the whole world and in every tongue.

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What is strangely and almost incongruously apparent in Teresa's history is her solitude of soul. Even in her childhood, surrounded as she was by sympathy and tenderness to which she affectionately responded, there is a remoteness about her ; and one perceives the beginning of that mental isolation which increased with the years. This can be partly explained in her early girlhood at school by the shyness of the sheltered-home-child, and also by some incapacity in her own nature to meet the more surface characters about her. Intimacy is a question of depths. "*Abyssus vocat abyssum.*" She writes :

At this time I chose as friends two little girls of my own age ; but how shallow are the hearts of creatures ! One of them had to stay at home for some months ; while she was away I thought about her very often, and on her return I showed how pleased I was. However, all I got was a glance of indifference—my friendship was not appreciated. I felt this very keenly, and I no longer sought an affection which had proved so inconstant. Nevertheless, I still love my little school-friend and continue to pray for her, for God has given me a faithful heart ; and, when once I love, I love for ever. O happy failure ! With a heart like mine, I should have been taken captive and had my wings clipped, and how then should I have been able to fly away and be at rest ?

Something like this happens before most vocations. It is not so much disillusionment as the realization of the capacity of one's own heart. "He alone," Teresa writes, "can fill the vast deep of my desires." The novice of fifteen had attained to the experience of maturity when she could sing :

Maintenant je suis prisonnière,
J'ai fui les bosquets de la terre,
J'ai vu que tout en elle est éphémère,
J'ai vu tout mon bonheur finir,
Monrir !

Some souls gain this knowledge by exploiting and exhausting what life has to give. It is the way of satiety, and a sad one, though valuable in experience. Others, and these are the young saints, attain early the years

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which bring the philosophic mind, and move quickly on, pushing aside the flowers where cutting might retard their progress. Others again, and Teresa is one of these, are denied the chance even of refusing the joys of earth by their very inability to find a satisfaction they might willingly forgo. They ask too much; they exhaust too easily; the capacity for love is too vast. This interior solitude is the hardest trial of the spiritual life. Yet the soul craves intimacy and expansion, and Teresa, in her first days at the Carmel, felt the ordinary temptation to drug the intolerable sense of aloneness with natural and legitimate opiates, which, in so deep a nature, could only dull the pain without curing the trouble. She gives a naïve account to her Prioress of one of her little struggles to follow the light in her soul:

I remember that, when I was a postulant, I was sometimes so violently tempted to seek my own satisfaction by having a word with you that I was obliged to hurry past your cell and hold on to the banister to keep myself from turning back. Many were the permissions I wanted to ask, and a hundred pretexts for yielding to my natural affection suggested themselves. How glad I am that from the beginning I learnt to practise self-denial.

Yet there was no harm in this innocent satisfaction; indeed, for some souls it is the safer way to claim the help and encouragement of a wise human affection. But Teresa was too essentially *true* to persuade herself that she was one of these. Again, we read that during her Noviciate she had found, in Retreat, a priest who seemed to understand and help her, but that he was soon sent to Canada. "My conversation with this good Father would have brought me great comfort," she writes, "had it not been for the extreme difficulty I found in opening my heart. . . ." "May Our Lord always be your Superior and your Novice-Master!" was Père Pichon's parting wish for her; and Teresa goes on: "And, indeed, He ever was, and likewise my Director. In saying this I do not mean to imply that I was not communicative with my Superiors; for, far from being reserved, I tried to be as an open book."

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As for the companionship of her own sisters, one has only to read between the lines to discover that it was the source of much exquisite suffering to one so perceptive and sensitive. Apart from her delicate interpretation of the rule of silence, which was in itself a barrier to intercourse, it is possible that the more conservative members of the Carmel of Lisieux may have found four Martins too many for a small community. The difficulties referred to in Céline's reception; her own words, here and there; some remarks let fall by an observant nun in the Lisieux parlour; all emphasize the fact that the youngest of the family had to suffer from the very fact of being one of four sisters in the same house. "O my little Mother," she said, after five years of heroic silence, to her beloved Pauline, just elected Prioress, "how I suffered . . . I could not open my heart to you, and I thought that you no longer knew me"; nor does it require much discernment to surmise that Teresa was not the only sufferer. If her manifest progress in holiness was a source of joy to the heart of that tender woman, who had been mother and sister to her in the old days, there must have been, also, many a natural pang for the silent witness of the slow martyrdom of her darling—which, perhaps, was her own as well. There are many beautiful secrets yet to learn about this holy family, whose sanctity did not die with its famous member.

Teresa, then, was one of the great lonely ones as Christ in His human nature was before her. This is what He complains of, both in prophecy and His own words, when even the bitterest sufferings of the Passion are but briefly alluded to. "I have trodden the winepress *alone*." "Will you also go away?" And then the short and piercing summary of desertion, "They, all leaving Him, fled." In the Discourse after the Last Supper, He reiterates the soothing promise that He will not leave His Disciples long alone when they have lost Him. "I shall see you again." Again, those almost coaxing, persuasive words: "If I go not, the Paraclete will not come." But the last cry on the Cross, with mother and friend and contrite

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lover at His Feet, is the expression of that most acute of all trials to the soul destined for Divine Companionship. This is the climax of anguish. There is nothing beyond that torment. Teresa passed through every phase of earth-loneliness and endured almost two years of this last dereliction which extended even to that beautiful and pathetic "I love Him," which was the ultimate fidelity.

The reason is not far to seek. She was called to be the greatest Apostle of her age. She had the instincts, the apprehensions, the desires of the Priest, the missionary, the martyr. Her spiritual genius was the apostolic genius, her experience the apostolic experience, and her reward the apostle's reward. There is, no doubt, a perfectly natural as well as supernatural cause of her twofold vocation. Her saintly parents had long and ardently prayed for a missionary son. Their faith had been sorely tried; the two boys who had been given them soon died, and when the sixth girl came, after their double bereavement, they could hardly discern in her the great high priestess of the modern apostolate who was to be not only the patroness and inspiration of thousands of missionaries, but, by the generosity of her living martyrdom, herself the missionary of Heaven. "I feel," she said to her sisters on the eve of her death, "that my mission is soon *to begin*." God's answers to our prayers are so magnificent that often we do not recognize them as the response to our meagre petitions. He does not speak and act on our terms, but on His own.

So Teresa did, indeed, pay, in her earthly life, the price of her future triumphs, by the interior loneliness which is the portion of the Apostle. Speaking generally, strictly contemplative Orders have less to suffer in this way than those called active. It is a pity to distinguish sharply between them, for both are apostolic, both are contemplative. But the mixed life, by its necessary contact with a conventional and complex world, must forgo that uttermost simplicity of occupation which is possible to the strictly enclosed. It is just here, never-

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theless, where the former may really score in heroism. The tranquil austerities of the penitential Orders are fairly balanced by the severe nervous strain of the others, apart from the practice of penance common to all Religious. In these days, when a University degree is the necessary key to the situation, and means *souls*, the almost superhuman effort to maintain a high educational standard creates a new kind of martyrdom—the martyrdom of high pressure. Fortunately, experience proves that the intellectual life, under religious protection, does not impede the spiritual; rather, it develops and deepens it. But what it does bring about in the necessary divergence of external interests, is this mental isolation. It is Love working out and out—not in and in—diverging, not converging.

This unique separateness of soul which we notice in Teresa is also the natural consequence of a very high order of intellect. With a mind of such distinction and originality, she must, sooner or later, have made her mark in the literary world, had she not been what she was. The clarity and fresh directness of her prose has already attracted the attention of men of letters. And it must be remembered that the Autobiography was written rapidly and without revision during the two last suffering years before her death. Her insight into the Scriptures is one of the most interesting features of the Autobiography. She writes that, when she was seventeen and eighteen (already a professed nun!), the works of St. John of the Cross were her only food. She quotes frequently and beautifully from his poems, and her versified memories, "*Ce que j'aimais*," is developed from his stanza: "I find in my Beloved the mountains, the lonely and wooded vales, the distant isles, the murmur of the waters, the soft whisper of the zephyrs . . . the quiet night with her sister the dawn, the perfect solitude—all that delights and all that fires our love."

Later on, all spiritual authors left her dry, and preached Retreats were a real trial to her; but the Scriptures became more and more her inspiration and delight.

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How true and how common is her experience, that "lights, hitherto unseen, break in—not, as a rule, during my prayers, but in the midst of daily duties." It was just this acute intelligence, this poetic awareness, that set her apart from her earliest years :

When I was six or seven years old, I saw the sea for the first time. The sight made a deep impression on me. I could not turn away my eyes : its majesty, the roaring of the waves, all spoke to my soul of God's power and greatness. . . . That same evening, at the hour when the sun seems to sink into the immensity of the deep, leaving behind it a trail of light, I sat with you* on a lonely rock and let my gaze linger on the path of splendour. You described it as an image of grace illuminating the way of faithful hearts here upon earth. Then I pictured my own soul as a tiny barque with graceful white sails, floating in the midst of the golden stream, and I determined never to steer it out of the sight of Jesus, so that it might make its way swiftly and tranquilly to the heavenly shore.

The mind is suddenly transported from the little artist of six, dreaming on her rock, to the young nun leading her life of practical heroisms, so difficult because so ordinary, welcoming gaily the splashings of dirty water from her companions' vigorous efforts on washing-day ; quietly enduring the fidgety prayer of the Sister behind her in the choir ; cheerfully bearing the blame for things she had not done, and in the thousand-and-one "little" trials of her daily life—and we have Teresa as she sailed along, her "sillon lumineux" in the "petite barque

* The Carmel of Lisieux has lately announced the fact that the Autobiography, first published for convenience sake, as addressed to one Prioress, with references to Pauline in the third person, was in reality written in three sections. The first manuscript was at the request of Mère Agnes de Jésus herself, when she was Prioress in 1895, and the second person is used throughout. Thérèse called it *L'Histoire printanière d'une petite fleur blanche*. "Cette particularité," says the "Avertissement," "explique l'abandon de ses pages." The next chapters, beginning with "The Night of the Soul," were added in obedience to the succeeding Prioress, Mère Marie de Gonzague, who first published the entire collection as one manuscript, with chapters and paging. Many readers have remarked, without knowing this fact, on the difference in tone—"d'un style visiblement plus retenu." The beautiful "Cantic of Love" was for Sœur Marie du Sacré Cœur, her eldest sister and godmother. This information throws an interesting light on the book itself and on Thérèse's singularly true character.

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légère," often enough tossed with tempests, but ever sure of her "little way"—child, artist, warrior, all in one.

Je veux t'aimer comme un petit enfant,
Je veux lutter comme un guerrier vaillant,
Comme un enfant plein de délicatesses
Je veux, Seigneur, te combler de caresses ;
Et dans le champ de mon apostolat,
Comme un guerrier je m'élance au combat.

There is no record of the really painful external trials of her austere life ; she never speaks of the bitter cold of the unheated monastery—her greatest physical suffering—until, on her death-bed, she confessed : " I have suffered from cold till I nearly died of it." There must be nothing about her to wonder at, to envy ; to quote her own words when a Novice said she knew her body would be found incorrupt : " Ou non ! pas cette merveille-là ! Ce serait de sortir de ma petite voie d'humilité ; il faut que les petites âmes ne puissent rien m'envier." And the conclusion drawn by the University Professor, disposed at first to be disconcerted at the result of the exhumation, is the right one : " An interior light consoled me, and I understood that by means of this dissolution the very atoms of her body would be scattered through the world so that not only her soul, but something of her body might be present and *do good on earth*."*

In the far east and the far west, in the remote islands of the Pacific, in the tropical jungle, in the snowy silences of the north, the name of this hidden soul has penetrated,

* In this connection there was a unique miracle worked in one of the far-off Islands of Oceania upon the soul of a hard-headed cannibal very much given to cooking his relatives and friends, not to speak of unnumbered repasts on his enemies ! " But," writes the missionary, " he is a changed man since Sœur Thérèse worked his conversion. ' All *that* is over now,' he declared. And when his little girl was baptized—the first baptism on the Island—he called her Thérèse. . . . Now, when Father Corcaud went to Mala for the first time, I gave him two of her relics. One he placed in his hut and the other he cast on the Island—Thérèse is therefore in Mala ; can we wonder that there are already forty Catholics there ? " These include the repentant Chief who insisted on being called Michael " because I have killed the devil in me and Peter, because, like St. Peter, I am the foundation of the Church at Mala." This conversion must have particularly pleased her whose queenly audacity would delight in demanding and gaining such a wholesale grace.

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carrying with it the message of her "little way" which brings her so close to our needs. The secret of her magnetism seems to lie in the peculiar quality of *intimacy* by which she endears herself in a personal way to those who call upon her. She seems to care so very much, to understand with such discerning love.

The objection has been raised by some of her own Carmelites (they are the few) that there is no reason for the celebrity of this humble child of the cloister; that she is no better than others of her order; that she is not exceptional. This may, in some respects, be true; indeed, it would be strange if it were not. But God, from time to time, chooses to expose the inner life of certain souls to serve as types or examples; to deliver His message; to begin a new movement in His Church by recalling old lessons more vividly; to tell the world things that would never have been told in just that way if such souls were not brought to light. The instrument does not matter provided that God can speak through it, and yet if there is added to this self-effacement a charm and winsomeness such as Sœur Thérèse owns, the message carries better. As one of her sisters said to a Lisieux pilgrim: "*Le bon Dieu a laissé faire tant de tapage à 'la petite,' pour rappeler au monde son immense miséricorde.*"

PASCAL ON "THE PASSIONS OF LOVE"

WE are apt to overlook the minor works of major men. Yet we cannot take the measure of a large nature until we have acquainted ourselves with the smaller efforts in which is disclosed some part of itself. If I would know my Milton, I must not miss "Arcades," "At a Solemn Music," or one or two of the Latin poems. To place Beethoven, one must hear the Bagatelles and the slight lyrical things as well as the Symphonies, the Sonatas, and the D minor Mass. Wren's genius is not grasped merely by visits to St. Paul's, as everyone knows who looks into the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Reverence for Dante will lead us, perhaps, to seek him in the *Convito* and the Songs; and it would be unwise to ignore the Hymns of Spenser or the months of his *Shepherd's Calendar*, for all our devotion to *The Faery Queene*. He who reads only Henry Fielding's four great stories has a lack; the *Journal* of the voyage to Lisbon yields a further charm and pathos. The *Æneid* is an eternal possession; but we shall enjoy it the more if we taste also the homely country life of the *Georgics*. And the *Summa* itself, a theological classic unequalled for profundity and precision, leaves the Angelic Doctor liberty to enlarge our love for him as the author of the *Pange Lingua*.

So might be continued the recommendation of the less regarded gifts of great minds. It has even chanced that a writer's survival may be due merely to what he himself deemed a triviality. Remember Perrault, who lives, except for the student, only by his *Contes des Fées*, composed for the amusement of a few children. These observations serve to introduce Pascal's little-known treatise on *The Passions of Love*. Pending his ultimate austerities, the ways of the world of women were not unfamiliar to him, but he writes of the universal passion rather as an observer than as a server. The daughter of

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his friend, the Duc de Roannes, might have had as little to do with it as she had with those impersonal papers that preceded it—the *Essai sur les coniques*; the *Récit de la grande expérience de l'équilibre des liqueurs*; or the *Traité du triangle arithmétique*. If this aloofness of the essay on the Passions was proper to his part, it bears, besides, a prophecy of the great spiritual writings yet to come—for his apprehension of love and its logic foretells the later apprehension of God by the heart, which "has its reasons the mind knows not of." "Love's reason's without reason," says a speaker in *Cymbeline*; and Pascal knew as well as the poet that "the lark has reason for his song."

But, as a rule, philosophers deal off-handedly with Love. They are fluent of subjective idealism, of the self-realization of the Absolute; but they remain dumb-founded before the astounding spectacle of a boy and a girl, one on each side of a stile, silent, under the moon! Yet that little idyll is far more enthralling than the science of Being and Becoming; far more interesting than dissertations on the subliminal consciousness, on the pranks of the *Ego*, or on the quarrels of the epistemologists. That couple under the moon ask not proud metaphysics to teach them what they are about. They know that it is easy to prove Love, but immensely difficult to define it. To be its recorder is the constant aim of novelists, maximists and poets; and this is within average human power, while the successful theoretical treatment of the subject is a rare achievement. Bacon, for example, dismisses the matter curtly, almost contemptuously, in one of the briefest of his Essays; though the "Friendship" is nearly the best of his bunch. Cicero, in *De Amicitia*, provides the classic talk on the benefits and obligations of an amiable *camaraderie*. Two entire Books of Aristotle's *Ethics* discuss Friendship, in which Love, in the modern sense, is but glanced at askance. St. Thomas himself devotes only three short sections of the *Summa* to Love, summing up with his marvellous gift of compression the distinguishing features contrasting love

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of friendship and love of desire. And St. Paul, instructing the Corinthians, utters for all time the final description of Love that is *more* than love. And that reminds one of the initial ambiguity of the term, Love. There are as many kinds and as many degrees as there are objects which excite it; and if the resources of language were adequate, we should want a large number of *affixes* for our single word—such and such common nouns standing for certain lovable creatures or things; such and such prefixes to indicate the sort of love appropriate for them. Furthermore, certain proper nouns require, of a scientifically accurate language, yet another system of changes in our generic term, to distinguish special qualities and forms of love, manifested towards particular persons.

How wide the gulf that divides the love of Monica and Augustine from that of Abelard and Héloïse! How odd that the same four letters serve to cover the passion of Antony and Cleopatra and the bond uniting William and Dorothy Wordsworth! What is there in common, except the mere word, between the married devotion of Robert and Elizabeth Browning and the thralldom of De Musset and George Sand? It irks us to call by the same name the relations between Tristan and Isolde, and that enchanting sentiment leaping up in the hearts of Aucassin and Nicolette. An unbridgeable chasm separates the love of Lucy Desborough and Richard Feverel from the stupor of passion portrayed in *La Dame aux Camélias*. The grave affection of Sévère for Pauline in *Polyeucte* is rightly styled love, and of a rare refinement. Then let us seek out another word for the destructive frenzy which desolates the soul of Phèdre in Racine's terrible tragedy: *C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée*. Shall the one word do service, too, when we contemplate St. Teresa's ecstasy in the presence of her Lord; and when we follow the *Hound of Heaven's* resistless pursuit of His prey?

The manuscript of Pascal's *Discours sur les passions de l'Amour* came to light only during the last century. We owe its discovery to Victor Cousin. It may have been composed in 1652 or 1653, a year or two before what

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is known as Pascal's definitive conversion, of which the famous Amulet remains the record. The Discourse is a dissertation, in strict philosophical form, on a specific variety of Love, the popular variety—viz., the attraction which draws a representative of one sex towards a representative of the other. The causes, consequences and significances of that universal sentiment—these occupy the thinker's attention and challenge his scrutiny. To begin with, we note the detachment of his cold method of research. We consent to forgo the almost fierce personal pulse beating through the *Pensées*. Full respect is shown for the phenomena to be studied. Not, indeed, till later, came the withering scorn in the *Pensées* :

Qui voudra connaître à plein la *vanité* de l'homme n'a qu'à considerer les causes et les effets de l'amour. La cause en est un je ne sais quoi, et les effets en sont effroyables. Ce je ne sais quoi, si peu de chose qu'on ne peut le reconnaître, remue toute la terre, les princes, les armes, le monde entier. Le nez de Cléopâtre : s'il eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé.

The Essay takes only about twenty minutes to read ; and scores of ideas are packed into a scheme which is governed by a mathematical sense of precision. Let us review the series of allied propositions, as though a black-board were before us, and the demonstration were being made with lines and circles. For that is what Pascal does—with the *sang froid* of an inspired geometry professor.

His opening sentence plunges us into an abstraction, one of the master abstractions of a supreme thinker : "*L'homme est né pour penser.*" Now if man could sustain pure thoughts continually, he would be happy. Ordinarily he cannot. A static condition he fails to support. He craves for movement, action—conscious as he ever is of the springs of passions struggling in his breast. And the two passions most proper to fill his heart Pascal declares to be Love and Ambition. "*La vie de l'homme est misérablement courte.*" Complete rational life, indeed, does not generally commence before the age of twenty.

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And it is in this life, so soon done with, that love and ambition jostle each other. "*Grands Esprits*" alone taste to the full the relish of the life of tumult so stirred. Thus the passions vary in quality according to the subject of them: "*A mesure que l'on a plus d'Esprit, les passions sont plus grandes.*" At this stage, Pascal throws in a caution. Passions, he insists, partake essentially of a spiritual character: they are, in fact, "*pensées*," although they may be occasioned by the body.

"*Dans une grande âme, tout est grand.*" That is plainly manifest. No one can, or ought to, argue himself into love; he must feel it; and the clearness, the transparency, of his nature will produce a clarity in the passion experienced. Such a one loves ardently, and, better still, he sees distinctly what it is he does love. Again anticipating a leading conception of the *Pensées*—Pascal calls attention to the two contrasted, though complementary, faculties of the soul: one the reasoning, logical, judging faculty, the other the supple, quick, and penetrating faculty of imagination or intuition. He declares it is precisely and only when these two operate together harmoniously that the happiness of love abounds. It issues, then, in a sort of rhythmic give-and-take, offer and acceptance; in the exquisite charm of persuasion and of being persuaded.

So far the demonstration has been along lines of deduction. Then Pascal passes to the confirmation afforded by experience. He would work out his problem by setting forth, as it were, the opposite side of his philosophic equation. "*Nous naissons avec un caractère d'amour dans nos cœurs.*" That original impress deepens with the unfolding of the mind. As a character of our normal humanity, it constrains us to love what appears to be beautiful, without our ever having been *told* what it is. As we are in the world, then, for love, man is committed, willy nilly, to the search for an object commensurate with the dignity of the human spirit. That object man, by his very constitution, can never find within *himself*. Why? Pascal tells us:

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L'homme n'aime pas demeurer *avec soi* ; cependant il aime : il faut donc qu'il cherche *ailleurs* de quoi aimer. Il ne le peut trouver que dans la beauté ; mais comme il est lui-même la plus belle créature que Dieu ait jamais formée, il faut qu'il trouve dans soi-même le modèle de cette beauté qu'il cherche *au dehors*.

The whole position in a sentence : the subjectivism of our modern thinkers in almost full flower.

Man, therefore, goes out of himself, bent upon filling the void left within. He needs a being closely resembling himself. With the intimate likeness, woman presents also the enticement of a difference. Above all, she offers and represents beauty—beauty of form, mind, manners. Yes ; woman is the object most calculated to realize for man that idea of beauty, which is, in fact, divided into a thousand different modes of presentation. So great, indeed, is the influence of woman—" *Comme elles ont un empire absolu sur l'esprit des hommes* "—that they often determine, by their own tastes and choices, changing from age to age, that very original of Beauty which man possesses within and the copy of which he seeks in the world. Thus one century favours fair girls, another dark girls. The upshot is, that a man is waiting, anxious and expectant until woman enters and rules : "*Il y a une place dans leur cœur ; elle s'y logerait.*" Nevertheless, such love remains an attachment of thought following upon a secret process of reason, though the train of reasoning is buried so deeply in the lover's nature that he is practically unconscious of its forming the basis of the entire process. Shelley's thought is identical with that of Pascal :

Nothing in the world is single :
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.

So sings the Poet. Thus Pascal : "*L'homme seul est quelque chose d'imparfait ; il faut qu'il trouve un second pour être heureux.*"

The rest of the Essay—quite three-fourths of the whole—consists of what may be described as Riders or Corol-

e" Pascal on "Passions of Love"

laries arising from the foregoing, and dealing with the special Logic of the Love treated of. These Corollaries, moreover, are integral portions of the main thesis which Pascal started out to construct. Doubtless, the love-smitten lad and lass would be amazed to hear of any sort of logic inherent in their erratic conduct. But Pascal will have it so. Reason, he declares, controls subconsciously the lover's whims, vagaries, delights, depressions and exaltations. The use of the term "Reason" in the absurdly restricted sense to which it has been reduced has been the bane, the weakness—yea, even the scandal of dozens of pretentious systems.

It is worth while to pick out the chief of his Riders on Love's Logic. We find in them the subtlety and acuteness of a far-seeing, wide-seeing mind, and an important caution is uttered by Pascal: it will give pause to them who hastily judge that his "proofs" are no proofs: "*L'on écrit souvent des choses que l'on ne prouve qu'en obligeant tout le monde à faire réflexion sur soi-même et à trouver la vérité dont on parle. C'est en cela que consiste la force des preuves de ce que je dis.*"

Rider No. 1.

The heart is treacherous: so readily love excites it:

"Un plaisir vrai ou faux peut remplir également l'esprit. Car qu'importe que ce plaisir soit faux, pourvu que l'on soit persuadé qu'il est vrai? A force de parler d'amour, l'on devient amoureux. Il n'y a rien de si aisé!

Rider No. 2.

Love spreads itself throughout life:

L'amour n'a point d'âge; il est toujours naissant. Les poètes nous l'ont dit; c'est pour cela qu'ils nous le représentent comme un enfant. Mais sans leur rien demander, nous le sentons.

Rider No. 3.

In spite of our alacrity in welcoming this passion, at the risk of being cheated by counterfeit, the thing itself has the property of calling out and perfecting the best qualities we have; while the higher we go the finer and more satisfying is the love we attract:

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L'amour donne de l'esprit, et il se soutient par l'esprit. . . . Une haute amitié remplit bien mieux qu'une commune et égale; le cœur de l'homme est grand, les petites choses flottent dans sa capacité; il n'y a que les *grands* qui s'y arrêtent et qui y demeurent. . . . Quand un homme est délicat en quelque endroit de son esprit, il l'est en amour. . . . Les femmes aiment à apercevoir une délicatesse dans les hommes; et c'est, ce me semble, l'endroit le plus tendre pour les gagner.

To this, he is careful to add:

Les qualités d'esprit ne s'acquièrent point par l'habitude; on les perfectionne lentement. De là, il est aisé de voir que la délicatesse est un don de nature, et non pas une acquisition de l'art.

Rider No. 4.

Because of man's instability, he needs periods of *rest* during which he is unaware of his love. These blank, slack times will serve to brace up his affections:

L'attachement à une même pensée fatigue et ruine l'esprit de l'homme. C'est pourquoi pour la solidité et durée du plaisir de l'amour, il faut quelquefois ne pas *savoir* que l'on aime; et ce n'est pas commettre une infidélité, car l'on n'en aime pas d'autre; c'est reprendre des forces pour mieux aimer. Cela se fait sans que l'on y pense; l'esprit s'y porte de soi-même; la nature le veut; elle le commande.

Comfort for such as are distressed by detecting "coolings-off" in their infatuations!

Rider No. 5.

The imagination is ever at hand to infuse a strange delight into the tongue-tied variety of Love. Concealment need not always be a "worm i' the bud":

Le plaisir d'aimer sans l'oser dire a ses épines, mais aussi il a ses douceurs. Dans quel transport n'est on point de former toutes ses actions dans la vue de plaire à une personne que l'on estime infiniment? L'on s'étudie tous les jours pour trouver les moyens de se découvrir, et l'on y emploie autant de temps que si l'on devait entretenir celle que l'on aime. Les yeux s'allument et s'éteignent dans un même moment. . . .

And so on. You are far too *busy*, says Pascal, not to be happy. You wish for a hundred tongues to make your

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suit known to her ; but you are limited to an eloquence of action. Yet you are happy, ceaselessly employed upon tasks that touch you to the quick. Beware, though, of continuing too long in this state, lest, being the sole actor (or sufferer) in a drama in which of necessity two are concerned, the movements that agitate you exhaust themselves, without the renewals due to reaction. The last state of that man would be very much worse than the first.

Rider No. 6.

There are long lovers and short lovers. Pascal, in a couple of paragraphs, defines these two classes :

Tant plus le chemin est long dans l'amour, tant plus un esprit délicat sent de plaisir. Il y a de certains esprits à qui il faut donner longtemps des espérances, et ce sont les délicats. Il y en a d'autres qui ne peuvent pas résister longtemps aux difficultés, et ce sont les plus grossiers. Les premiers aiment plus longtemps et avec plus d'agrément ; les autres aiment plus vite, avec plus de liberté, et finissent bientôt.

Rider No. 7.

The silences of love are availing :

En amour un silence vaut mieux qu'un langage . . . il y a une éloquence de silence qui pénètre plus que la langue ne s'aurait faire. . . . Quelque vivacité que l'on ait, il est des rencontres où il est bon qu'elle s'éteigne.

Let the talkative observe and avoid evaporation !

Rider No. 8.

Love throws the cloak of oblivion over what is outside the circle of its interests :

Je suis de l'avis de celui qui disait que dans l'amour on oubliait sa fortune, ses parents et ses amis : les grandes amitiés vont jusque-là. Ce qui fait que l'on va si loin dans l'amour, c'est qu'on ne songe pas que l'on aura besoin d'autre chose que de ce que l'on aime . . . il n'y a plus de place pour le soin ni pour l'inquiétude.

Plenitude of Passion, he contends, cancels reflection ; and there follows a corollary :

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Cet *oubli* que cause l'amour, et cet attachement à ce que l'on aime, fait naître des qualités que l'on n'avait pas auparavant. L'on devient magnifique, sans l'avoir été.

Compensation—with a vengeance! They who wince under temporary estrangement sought to be re-assured.

Rider No. 9.

The term Reason is by some denied to Love. But Reason is of its inner essence. In the last analysis, Love seeks its sources in Reason. The superficial man will never receive this truth, a truth known to Dante, and Patmore and Wordsworth :

L'on a ôté mal à propos le nom de raison à l'amour, et on les a opposés sans un bon fondement, car l'amour **et** la raison n'est qu'une même chose. C'est une précipitation de pensées [a wonderful expression] qui se porte d'un côté sans bien examiner tout, mais c'est toujours une raison. . . . Les poètes n'ont donc pas eu raison de nous dépeindre l'amour comme un avengle ; il faut lui ôter son bandeau, et lui rendre désormais la jouissance de ses yeux.

Rider No. 10.

Love, too, has the power of enhancing the worthiest within its votaries :

Il semble que l'on ait *toute une autre* âme quand l'on aime que quand on n'aime pas ; on s'élève par cette passion, et on devient tout grandeur.

Rider No. 11

draws attention to the primary characteristic of great souls in love :

Les grandes âmes ne sont pas celles qui aiment le plus souvent ; c'est d'un amour violent que je parle : il faut une *inondation* de passion pour les ébranler et pour les remplir. Mais quand elles commencent à aimer, elles aiment beaucoup mieux.

Rider No. 12.

In its fundamentals, Love is everywhere identical :

L'on dit qu'il y a des nations plus amoureuses les unes que les autres ; ce n'est pas bien parler, ou du moins cela n'est pas vrai en tous sens. L'amour ne consistant que dans un attachement

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de pensée, il est certain qu'il doit être le même par toute la terre. Il est vrai que, se *terminant* autre part que dans la pensée, le climat pent ajouter quelque chose, mais ce n'est que dans le *corps*.

In other words—and this is exceedingly significant—physical constituents of love are held to be but modifying factors, more or less extraneous elements, separable from that which, in its basis, remains a *spiritual* function.

Rider No. 13

explains the embarrassments lovers experience, each in the other's society :

Quand on est loin de ce que l'on aime, l'on prend la résolution de faire ou de dire beaucoup de choses ; mais quand on est près, l'on est irrésolu. D'où vient cela ? C'est que quand l'on est loin, la raison n'est pas si ébranlée, mais elle l'est étrangement à la présence de l'objet : or, pour la résolution, il faut de la fermeté, qui est ruinée par l'ébranlement.

Four paragraphs follow, and the Discourse ends. The lover scruples to take chances in love for fear of losing all, yet his necessity to run risks because he must advance is one of Pascal's themes. Until he has reached the point of prudence, the lover is all of a tremble. And then this very point of prudence has to be left for newer adventures. Thinking he detects something in his favour, the lover is shaken alternately by hope and by fear, not daring to believe his good fortune. Still, in seeing his beloved, there is ever a novelty of delight. If past pains are forgotten, other pains but take their place. And, exclaims the writer, "a lover in such a state, is he not deserving of pity ?"

Thus, somewhat abruptly, closes the *Discours sur les passions de l'amour*. "Passions, be it remarked ; not passion : another mark of Pascal's rare discernment. For the Love of which he has traced the *rationale* involves a coming, a rushing together of associated passions. The Treatise has ended by a warning of the disquietudes rarely banished from even the most refined, the most uplifting commerce between the sexes.

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Several years were to pass before Pascal's astounding *Fragments* were to be jotted down in the fever of a racked soul, endowed with a rare insight into the profundities gaping beneath the feet of the human wayfarer. Arresting and significant as is the little dissertation upon Love, how slight it looks placed beside the majestic monument of the *Pensées* ! Within those "titanic glooms and chasmed fears " which, in the months before his death at the age of thirty-nine, he surveyed with fearless rectitude, the problem of man and maid smitten by longing tenderness seems entirely swallowed up. But nothing human was alien from Pascal's absorbing and absorbed interest. And here we find the acute mathematician, the daring physicist, the controversialist of deadly skill, the philosopher who anticipated systems that claim our attention at this hour, the deep Christian thinker, the supreme prose artist of France, seeking to solve the conundrum of every day. In the *Pensées*, deep calleth unto deep ; lightning flashes strike, javelin like, across the heavens ; shattering cries assail the steadfast stars ; bursts of light terrify in the vast and lonely spaces of the universe ; the soul wrestles, falters, prevails. *There* is the Pascal of immortal moment. There the insufficiency of this fluttering Love of the Treatise becomes appallingly apparent. Man's emptiness can never be filled by it. One Other alone has the right and the power to fill and to reign. In that capture is peace ; in that grasp is liberty ; in that fellowship is contentment—" *In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*"

GEORGE E. BIDDLE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

SINCE the apparition of Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides, no English visitor to the Celtic fringe has roused more literary expectations than Mr. Chesterton after his visit to Ireland. It would be interesting to supplement his *Irish Impressions* (Collins Sons and Co.) with Ireland's impressions of Mr. Chesterton, if they were available, something as amusing as motley and as motley as the late Austrian Empire. Mr. Chesterton has produced a book that is brilliantly fair, and fairly brilliant. But we doubt if Ireland to-day has much use for intellectual sympathy or gentle understanding. She prefers to be a hateful mystery to Englishmen rather than a plain object of pity. She prefers a strong water to a soft drink, and will be puzzled by the generous and sparkling libation which Mr. Chesterton has poured to the country whose capital contains "the one society that I have seen where the intellectuals were intellectual." He is clearly but jovially out of his element. He is like an amiable leviathan disporting itself in a bog. However, he lashes the shallows into the spray of paradox and we can feel certain that he will never be carried out of his depth.

He searched for humour and surprise, and where he could not find them (for Irish jests and paradoxes have been badly poached) he supplied his own excellent witticisms. He was painfully surprised—and who but an Anglican would be?—to find that St. George's Channel was not dedicated to St. Patrick. A statue in Dublin convinced him that "the George who had really crossed the Channel was not the saint." Having been told that the Irish were pro-German, he was surprised to find "no traces of Irish tributes round the pedestal of the Teutonic horseman." Irish humorists, however, had planted it round with green. One only wishes that they would carry their humour further afield and as a gigantic practical joke re-afforest the whole country. The true Chestertonian sally followed: "All that thought itself on a pedestal has found itself up a tree." Even the cabbages

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planted in Stephens Green afforded a lesson in "sacramental solidity." A good study for the Dublin or Cork stained-glass artists would be of St. Gilbert exhibiting the rotten-stalked and multi-leaved cabbage to the Irish natives as a symbol of the non-Catholic sects.

Sometimes he is merely epigrammatic, but unto definitions which Johnson would gladly have received into his dictionary. "A fashion is a custom without a cause" is as good as the definition of Taboo—"the meeting of superstition and etiquette." Imperialism, he writes, is "not an insanity of patriotism—it is merely an illusion of cosmopolitanism." Nothing strikes him more in Ireland than the place of the family and that shadow or Celtic parody of family which is called clan. He points out the curiously Irish remark of a Belfast paper when the present Irish Chancellor turned Home Ruler: "There never was treason yet but a Campbell was at the bottom of it!" He sums up this attitude toward family groups by saying that England could not imagine the sound of many Gladstones or "Disraeli compassed about with a great cloud of Disraelis," but on the other side of the Channel "Parnell is the Parnell for the English but a Parnell for the Irish." Here he is far nearer an historic truth than he knows, and his instance is not as wrong as it might seem. The reviewer remembers one of the old Parnellite Guard discussing the strange ends which befell the Parnell family and concluding, "Yes, all the Parnells were mad!" So strong is the family tradition in Ireland, that a man carries his banshee and hereditaments about with him, or, as Mr. Chesterton puts it, "A man carries the family mansion about with him like a snail." Ghosts apart, and coming to the Root of Reality, he believes that the law the Irish would like is remote from both Liberal and Unionist. "The fact is that a free Ireland would not only not be what we call lawless but might not even be what we call free." So far from being an anarchy, it would be "an orderly and even conservative civilization, like the Chinese." That it would centre on the small tenant owners is an economic probability. These, "because they

The Artist as a Young Man

were too poor to have servants, grew rich in spite of strikers."

No Englishman has tried more than Mr. Chesterton to be fair and generous to Ireland. He has collected some impressions as a result which are usually withheld from the scornful and the foolish. Very near he came to the pith of reality when he recorded a Priest saying to a Protestant, "You ought to be a Catholic; you can be saved without being a Catholic, but you can't be Irish without being a Catholic." And Mr. Chesterton can never really understand Ireland, or help her with his mighty pen as he wishes, until he also becomes a Catholic. S. L.

PERHAPS Mr. Brendon's *Bonfire*, reviewed in the last issue, owes something to *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, by Mr. James Joyce (The Egoist, Ltd.—This is the publisher.) Not that in point of observation or expression Mr. Brendon's book, which is childish, should be compared with Mr. Joyce's, which reveals genius; nor that the authors have identical aims. Mr. Brendon meant to depict a school, and a school-training, in which a boy spent part of his life. Mr. Joyce states clearly that he is painting a portrait of himself, himself all through, and nothing else save as himself he felt it. Yet half of his critics do not see that. Some have thought he meant to portray Ireland, and judge that he will infuriate Irishmen; and he will, should they make the same error. Others—Mr. H. G. Wells: the *Spectator*: the *Cambridge Magazine*: admirable encounter!—take his book for a portrait of Irish Catholic education. Well, they nearly all mention Flaubert, model of "detached realists"; and also Mr. George Moore, nasty enough, doubtless, to satisfy some "realists," but not at all detached. And they are not so wrong. Mr. Joyce gives a most real portrait of himself, and claims to do that precisely; and of the world, Irish or Catholic, no portrait of what *is*, or of what others see, but of what his temperament has seized upon and altered, and it alters everything. He is nothing of a Balzac, even departmentally.

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To account for himself he emphasizes his disastrous heredity ; here, the evidence of his family's collapse into squalor suggests that he is right ; and anyhow, not till the very end does he show personality enough even to hope that environment may be conquered. "He smiled to think that it was this disorder, the misrule and confusion of his father's house and the stagnation of vegetable life, which was to win the day in his soul." His childhood's continuous, yet inconsequent, stream of consciousness is, with fantastic truthfulness, described. What he says of his life at Clongowes has made, I suppose, not a little of his *succès de scandale*. Yet why ? he says just what he saw of it ; and he saw just what he *could* see. He saw what hurt him. I fear that in most schools the artist by temperament will have a dismal time : as a small boy, he won't understand himself even (the one refuge when everyone else misunderstands you) ; and masters think him moody and merry, and other boys call him mad. Mad, then, he half believed himself ; and admirably does Mr. Joyce portray those fleeting twilights of the brain when feverish sickness so well simulates insanity. Sick, indeed, and miserable he was, and quite helpless to resist ; he was docile, and, in constructive imagination, reduplicated, therefore the unfairness which most such boys detect in punishment.

Pale angers stir in him, pass outwards, "peel off" ; the emotion was not *he* ; even his "brief iniquitous lusts" he cannot build into a real passion (pp. 91, 173). On the whole, at the beginning and the end of adolescence, this boy was indeed very near a breakdown. Extreme and complex introversion caused a festering between each fold of his crumpled soul. "He could scarcely interpret the letters on the signboards of the shops. By his monstrous way of life he seemed to have put himself beyond the limits of reality. Nothing moved him or spoke to him from the real world unless he heard in it the echo of the infuriated cries within him. He could scarcely recognize his own thoughts" (p. 103). He has to repeat his own name to keep any hold on his identity.

The Artist as a Young Man

"By day and night he moved among distorted images of the outer world" (p. 111), and alchemizes the most innocent perceptions into evil with the skill of corrupt old age. In the slums of the Dublin Jewesses he—at sixteen!—finds some sort of salvation through "self-expression"; but a slow self-disgust, activated by a school retreat, sends him to a Franciscan for confession.

The one moment when he feels free, and in the "real apparel of boyhood," is while he *acts*, in a play at Belvedere.

Here are some pages of true beauty. The outburst of ecstatic piety, as it would occur in such a soul, is written down with an intricate yet radiant accuracy quite incomparable. No less accurate is the account of its evanescence. For his intellect had woken up. He applies a very cold logic to the dogmatic scheme of his religion, using, meanwhile, a complicated asceticism (he would not mortify his sense of smell: he *liked* nasty smells: Zola's keen pig's-nose *registered* them, but with disgust; did even Huysmans' *Des Esseintes* quite *like* them? I forget). This *congenital* perversion is surely rare: it occurs not infrequently as a climax. He introduces a pious arithmetic into his *industriæ*, and his sentiment is thereby impoverished. He reawakes to his naked reality when, without knowing why, he rejects a suggested call to the priesthood. Will he be, then, the chill, self-possessed, pitiless analyst and sceptic? Certainly, at the Royal University you find him the sneering slaughterer of ideals. The moods of madness, and I have never read anything more horrible than pp. 156-9, are surely done with? Nor does he *merely* deride. He can talk with keen insight upon art; and, almost in the hour when he perceives the "world of duties," to speak with "dull gross voice," and "the pale service of the altar," with inhuman accents, and sets his soul soaring towards the ideal of creative Art, he can make strong and subtle definitions about beauty, pity, and terror and the true. He still is intimate with Aquinas (his discussion of *Claritas*, p. 249, is, I think, of real value). But alas! how the brain plays him false!

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With dawn, when, if ever, all should be purity and calm, "madness wakes" for him, "strange plants open to the light and the moth flies forth silently." Moths? he catches a louse on his neck. He rolls it between thumb and finger. . . . "The life of his body, ill clad, ill fed, louse eaten, made him close his eyelids in a sudden spasm of despair; and in the darkness he saw the brittle, bright bodies of lice falling from the air and turning often as they fell. Yes . . . his mind bred vermin. His thoughts were lice—born of the sweat of sloth."

It were indecency to quote, even from such a document, so frightfully personal has it revealed itself to be, had it not thus been flung forth before two continents, and had it not been so misused for the fierce criticizing, by aliens, of a country and of a faith. Of country it speaks, perhaps, scarcely one word altogether true; of faith, a very few—but those, how precious! It is possible that thence may come that tenderest of doctoring which so sick a soul should claim. On the eve of his departure for a future which not he, assuredly, could cope with, his friend asks him whether, indeed, he can face utter loneliness, and he answers he will take the risk. Perhaps he won't be suffered to. "*Et tu,*" he remembered, "*cum Jesu Galilæo eras.*" Well, *non amat et deserit.* C. C. M.

IT is true that Father Joseph Rickaby's *Ye are Christ's*, stood practically alone, once; we could scarcely point to it and say: *That* is the spiritual food given to Catholic boys. But *Living Temples*, by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. (Burns & Oates), enables us to begin to generalize. If such be the standard set, or approved of, by two priests who represent the Jesuits and Dominicans respectively, and since we can be quite clear that in Benedictine schooling, assuredly, we shall find neither violence nor grim coercions of the soul, and since the Oratory will not have lost the genial traditions of St. Philip, really we ought, without anxiety, to feel that a Joyce or a Brendon would find little now, at any rate, which their temperament should misconstrue, except in so far as temperament

The High Romance

can make a mess of anything. Father Rickaby's little book tingled with youthfulness ; it is piquant to note how much poise and gravity there is in what the so much younger priest has written ; yet, there is nothing dull in it ; Father Jarrett knows quite well that in his better hours a boy is perfectly serious, and doesn't, anyhow, want to be played the fool with. And better : he *does* want to pray. Anyone who could write the little introduction to this book could be trusted. He has got in, under the sheaths, to the real soul. Boys "think a great deal," Father Jarrett sees ; they "feel their very pathetic need of prayer" ; and he has diagnosed the startling fact that "in modern society the contemplative most frequently to be met is a boy." The *motif* of the book is "generosity" ; and this colours all the meditations—from those on Mass, purity, hell, to those on animals, tips, whistling, and collecting.

C. C. M.

IT has been noticed that whereas the younger school of novelists born Catholic in Ireland like Patrick Macgill and James Joyce are bitter against the Church, the corresponding school of writers and essayists in England write *pro Deo et Pontifice*. Every man has one novel in him, and that is his own biography. George Moore, Macgill, and Joyce can best describe their anti-Catholic *ego*. On the other side, Mgr. Benson spread his autobiography through several volumes, and Newman's real novel was the *Apologia*. It is interesting to notice a spiritual autobiography coming from America, *The High Romance* by Michael Williams. From the lower levels of journalism *via* a five-cent store, the San Francisco earthquake, Helicon Hall and many rejected articles, but apparently not rejected prayer, he made his way into the Catholic Church. His conversion was the joint work of Archbishop Hanna and the Little Flower, a powerful combination.

The seamy side of America is a grim background. Life in a five-cent store has about the same relation to a Mediæval Guild as journalism to Dante. Nothing costs

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less than five cents except human life. Williams entered the lower levels of reporting, and the effect on a sensitive writer is well told. "The malediction of Mammon" is upon the American magazines. The whole Press is morbid and commercialized. In memory of man the Press was conventional, and written in a style which compared to literature was as clumsy vegetables to flowers. It poisoned itself in the feverish effort to fill the gap of a national literature. It turned to swamp and jungle, breeding the fantastic and horrible, orchids that dripped blood, lilies that stank flesh, convulsive convolvuli, the Venus' fly-traps in which reporters assessed the miseries of adulterous flies. And all because the blatant and the unlovely was marketable.

Mr. Williams became a San Francisco editor in time for the earthquake which made his bed behave like a broncho and the earth like the sea. But natural earthquakes do not reform or convert men, and immediately after the disaster Mr. Williams had to work frantically to expose the legislation of the City Fathers. Graft and the Catholic Church are the two most constant factors in American life. Graft means picking up something for nothing materially, as Catholicism does spiritually. In his dealings with the Church the Catholic cannot help picking up more than he can buy or deserve. Mr. Williams found the stepping-stone to the Church at Helicon Hall, a Socialist community founded by Upton Sinclair, where "nearly every second room contained a temperamental person with a typewriter and a message for the world." Helicon Hall was burnt and the singed eccentrics scattered, a "red symbol of the dawn." Mr. Williams set out as a "war correspondent of the war of Man with Darkness," and in California he found a legend which is not given unto such as Mississippi or Arkansas. From Father Juniper to Archbishop Hanna the one thread in her history is the Church. The unhappy American mind which is being perpetually carried away by new thought distilled from old frauds, sees, even if it cannot accept, the only stable thread between Boston and the

Economic History of Ireland

Golden West. Mr. Williams met a musical critic who had been converted "by reading Dante and by the sight of Cardinal Newman lying in his coffin." This led to an introduction to Sister Theresa, whose influence is also unconfined, and to Archbishop Hanna, "an efficient wide-awake personage at a roll-top desk . . . no robes . . . no lace." The mystical side was supplied by a relic of Sister Theresa. The psychic perfume with which it was endowed Mr. Williams accepted as a sign, and on his conversion facetiously reported his experiences in the form of a romance. Michael Williams and Joyce Kilmer represent the sprint of young and ardent America to the Church. They are the heralds of the inevitable, of the logical and inspired step, which confronts the intelligentsia of the States. Indifferent above and socialistic below, America claims to be guided by the Divine Word, but such artificers of words will rise up and testify against her until words are made the servants of the Word-made-Sacrament and cease to be the chorus of the Chaos.

S. L.

TO have applied the dismal science to the most dismal of Irish centuries without leaving the reader in despair is the feat of Dr. George O'Brien in his *Economic History of Ireland in the Seventeenth Century* (Maunsell). Out of the chaos he has picked the lines of two Reconstructions, as well as of two destructions. The reign of British queens seems to bring disaster to Ireland. With Victoria is associated the famine, with Queen Anne the penal laws, while Elizabeth left "the former granary of Europe supported on Dantzic rye and Newfoundland fish."

The book is chiefly a laborious *catena* of statements from contemporary writing and State papers. Out of the mouth of the latter it is not difficult to condemn the State; but Dr. O'Brien prefers to draw economic conclusions rather than political. There were two policies applicable to Ireland. Wentworth saw the advantage of making Ireland wealthy and dependent on the Crown.

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Ormonde, for all his industrial achievement, expressed the other view, though from the same plane: "If it prove to be thought that Ireland's being above water hurts England, some invention must be found to sink it." The profound economical truth is that Ireland's bane is not necessarily England's welfare. Irish economy again and again broke English policy. Of the planted lands in Ulster it was recorded that the Irish tenants made their way back by giving "such high rents that no English can get land." The Cattle Law forbade Irish cattle to the English market, with the result that the wool industry grew up and munitions were obtained from Spain in exchange for the wool. The trade in live cattle to England became one in dead provision with the Continent. To discourage Irish wool, Wentworth encouraged the linen; but it is a fiction to credit him with its beginnings in Ireland.

Another popular illusion is that the woollen industry declined under James II. The figures collected by Dr. O'Brien show the reverse. It could only thrive under a native Parliament. Its suppression "formed the dividing line between the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. It terminated the era of hope and inaugurated the era of despair." Amongst many economic facts we learn that, in the former century, no accusations of idleness were made against the Irish. This charge was very properly not brought until after the destruction of their industries.

This book is apparently the first, and likely to be the last, on its subject.

S. L.

MR. P. H. OSMOND, in his treatise on English religious poetry, gives to his authors the name of *The Mystical Poets of the English Church* (S.P.C.K.). The simpler and humbler word "religious" is out of fashion; "mystical" is, as it were, somewhat more flattering to the reader. Mr. Osmond, in his introduction, admits that not all his religious poets are entitled to the name that denotes an exceptional experience of the inner

The Mystical Poets

regions of worship; but he has chosen to give them a part in his book and yet not to forgo that word. A rather more important anomaly is also concerned with the title. Some of the poets treated are pre-Reformation writers, and we know that Anglican anthologists would generally hold themselves free to claim them. But in the post-Reformation times two of the greatest of all mystics were Anglicans first and Catholics later, and one was a Catholic from his birth. To the two converts—Crashaw and Coventry Patmore—Mr. Osmond gives due study, making also due quotations, when he is dealing with them as members of the "English Church"; and, in the case of Crashaw, he could not close the chapter without a fair—though inadequate—citation from the "Saint Teresa," than which nothing could be less Anglican. In Patmore's case, however, we have the "Angel in the House" of the poet's Anglican days accorded a good place (although Mr. Osmond has obviously no sympathy with the poet, late or early); while the "Odes," of incomparably greater beauty and power, are most conspicuously slighted, or even contemned. We would not be churlish, or grudge Mr. Osmond the inclusion of this great sequel to Patmore's early work, for its omission in a book that quotes the Catholic Crashaw would have been grotesque. But he frankly gives us to understand that the Catholicism of poets has caused him to give them a lesser place than they would have had in a more comprehensive book—that is, a lesser place than they merit. Taking them in some measure, he ought assuredly to have taken them in just measure. He has taken them (as Catholics) to scant them.

This fault apart, the book, whether looked upon as a religious, a historical, or a critical undertaking, is an important one. It deals with a very great national subject. English poetry, as also the greatest English prose—that of the latter Seventeenth Century—is much pre-occupied with religion, as indeed is the English character. This greatest literature in the world is at its greatest—Shakespeare apart—in the spiritual poem and the sermon—in Crashaw, Donne, Vaughan, Traherne, Wordsworth,

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Patmore, Francis Thompson. But it is to be noted that English religious poets generally are somewhat wary of the expression of the most intimate experiences of their religion. Moreover, they have been scholars; a re-discovered Platonism is at the fountain-head of the poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, rather than a continuous Mediæval sanctity. Again, in poems dedicated directly to Christ, we had generally certain accessory persons, figures of the celestial court: the Blessed Virgin, Saints, Angels. In place of these Spenser presents, quite reverently, quite religiously, Queen Elizabeth and James the First. Strangely enough, the word "mystic" applies with unusual justice to Phineas Fletcher (a cousin of the dramatist), who writes with ecstasy of his love of Christ and joy in Him, with a devout reference to the character and virtues of James the First. Here is a passage from Phineas's truly impassioned and poetic prayer:

Draw my soul's eyes to Thee;
Set them upon Thy face; make me to be,
By seeing Light and Life, the Light and Life I see.

But greater poets call: Donne, exercising himself in a yearly panegyric on the saintly young girl who had died at fifteen. It was a task, but the labour of it is lighted by gleams of authentic inspiration, alternatively with the flat and yet extravagant "conceits" of which his century has been so constantly accused. In his study of Donne, and of the greater Vaughan, Mr. Osmond proves his fine sense of the art of poetry and his deep sense of the personal experiences of religion. He recognizes the *light* of Vaughan and Traherne, and the *fire* of Crashaw—a well-perceived difference here admirably defined. It would indeed be difficult to overpraise the insight and delicate strength with which Mr. Osmond probes the differences of such great writers as Herbert in comparison with Vaughan, or poets of Beaumont's kind with poets of greater intellect.

The Mystical Poets

We must not stop too long in that century which Mr. Osmond has so thoroughly studied, and which makes the bulk of his book, but follow him in the long leap that—if we unite the author's words "mystic" and "poet"—brings us to Blake. The early Eighteenth Century did not unite them. One or other quality was lacking, and—strange to say—it was oftener poetry that was absent, for mysticism was not dead.

Mr. Osmond acknowledges that Blake was not a churchman. He was rather a church. He rewrote a Creation, a Gospel, a scheme of Redemption, partly ecstatic, partly grotesque. The very words "good" and "evil" bear no intelligible meaning in his work. Before we can begin to consider it we need a new definition of his vocabulary. And to that most difficult, or indeed hopeless, task Mr. Osmond has given his usual intent study. Blake claimed direct inspiration, but an inspiration that uttered its own refutation again and again. Yet Lionel Johnson pronounced his inspiration to be "one" and rational, while Mr. Chesterton thinks it to be—and the same of the drawings—not only evil, "but foolishly evil," and therefore probably due to "spiritualism." Such are two of the many greatly perplexed and anxious judgments as to the marvel of Blake's genius. Wordsworth, who comes next, would hardly have merited the name of "mystic" but for his preoccupation with the thought of human personal pre-existence—the immortality backwards, the eternity before birth—which is the subject of his magnificent Ode. In nearly all his other writings he is philosophic, religious, nay, mysterious, but not mystic. As for Coleridge, without Blake's magic, he shares, in a lower degree, Blake's bafflingly irresponsible vocabulary; but as a religious poet he is merely excited and noisy. His philosophy is German, ill presented if not ill interpreted.

Next comes Tennyson, more mystical in his transcendent love and grief than even the admirers of his great poetry have always perceived him to be. And next stands the martial, most masculine figure of the poet who was

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twitted with his parlours and tea-cups—Coventry Patmore. Human life and especially human love were to him as heroic and tragic and immortal in a dean's drawing-room as in ancestral Florence, and poetry as distinguished in rhymed octosyllables as in heroic blank verse. Passing with deplorable brevity over the philosophy, the religion and the mysticism of this wonderful poet, Mr. Osmond does more honour to Francis Thompson, though Francis Thompson was not, like Patmore, at any time a member of the English Church :

Living in such close proximity to the Eternal World, Thompson sought and found communion with God by every legitimate channel or medium—Beauty, Nature, Love. In the famous essay on Shelley, he reminds the “pastors and pious ladies of the Church” that St. Francis of Assisi “discerned through the lamp, Beauty, the Light, God” ; and he points out that “with many the religion of beauty must always be a passion and a power, only evil when divorced from the worship of the Primal Beauty.” In “Her Portrait” and other pieces he platonizes, quite in the vein of Donne, about the beauty of a woman whose flesh scarcely exists for him even as a veil.

Of that great poem, “*The Hound of Heaven*,” Mr. Osmond says that its “mingled audacity and sublimity, from title to last line, simply silences all criticism that is sincere.” He proceeds :

Its popularity proves it to reflect the mentality of an age which has veered round from the doubt-haunted mid-Victorianism reflected by *In Memoriam* to a conviction of the compatibility of religion and science, so that the sacred poet of to-day is expected, not only to make articulate man's need of God, but to give generous expression also to God's need of man.

Mr. Osmond couples Francis Thompson's expression of the thought last named with Eckhart's “He who will escape Him only runs to His bosom,” and, again, with Ruysbroeck's “The Spirit of God gives chase to our spirit.” This late chapter in Mr. Osmond's remarkable and most interesting book is as generous as it is just and thoughtful.

A.

St. Jane Frances

ST. JANE FRANCES and the *Visitation* (S.P.C.K.), by Miss E. K. Sanders, is, as the sub-title tells us, "a study in vocation." Saint François de Sales, Ste. Jeanne Françoise de Chantal—their names remain for ever associated with equal honour in the Church's history as co-founders of the Order of the Visitation. After three centuries of existence, it numbers to-day a hundred and seventy houses in Europe and America. From the consideration of the lives of these two Saints emerges something more impressive even than their own self-conquests and the monument they left behind—a sense of the Divine Will working to bring together two souls, complementary to each other, for the fulfilment of His purpose. It was in the Lent of 1604 that their first meeting took place; Mme. la Baronne de Chantal was keeping the fast, as was her custom, in her father's house at Dijon, to which place Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, had been invited to give a special course of Lenten sermons. She was a widow in her thirty-third year; married at twenty, she had been exceptionally happy as a wife and the mother of six children, and had joyfully entered into all the dignified activities and pleasures of her brilliant position. The death, three years before, of a husband whom she had passionately loved, had naturally sombered her way of living; but, bound as she was by the strongest domestic ties, both to her own and her late husband's family, there seemed little prospect of her leaving the world, or of much exceeding those solid practices of devotion customary at the time among Catholic ladies of her rank and condition. In the one important step she had already taken towards the deepening of her religious life she had not been fortunate. About a year after her husband's death she had been induced, at a time of deep depression, to put herself under the direction of a certain Priest who not only laid on her a burden far beyond her strength, but also exacted from her the extraordinary vow—never to withdraw her obedience, and to seek for no spiritual guidance other than his.

Such was Mme. de Chantal's position at the time when

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she first met the young Bishop of Geneva, whose very name was unfamiliar to her; it was only on describing her striking personality to his host, the Archbishop of Bourges, that Francis de Sales discovered her to be the Archbishop's sister. Friendly intercourse, under these circumstances, was natural; but it was not till after Easter that the Bishop consented to hear her confession. There are stories of premonitory visions on both sides. It is certain that the mutual recognition of the supernatural tie between them was nearly simultaneous. The Bishop was naturally the first to insist on it; immediately after leaving Dijon he wrote to Mme. de Chantal: "It seems to me that God has intended me for you, and every hour I become more convinced of this." By the end of the year the Bishop was able to assure her that the oppressive vows by which she considered herself bound had been wrongfully imposed. On her side Mme. de Chantal, unconscious of her high destiny, and still harassed by the sore trials of her daily life, knew that she had found that inward peace which she had sought so long in vain. After the austere formality and crowded pieties enjoined by her former director, the rule of Francis de Sales, calm and firm, always deep-rooted in the wisdom of love, was peace indeed. "*Il faut plus aymer l'obéissance que craindre la désobéissance,*" he writes to her.

How well St. Francis divined her special needs is shown by the way in which, very early in their intercourse, he proceeded to check the two prominent faults in her character, impatience and an excessive ardour of aspiration. Mme. de Chantal was all for leaving the world at once; but she had her young children to care for, and the claims of a not very desirable father-in-law, in whose household she held a position of peculiar difficulty. Her Director would hear of no such sudden action; her present circumstances, he decided, were those best adapted to her spiritual progress; "to bear the ill-temper of a cross-grained old man was . . . a truer mortification than to obey a religious Superior." Only after six years

St. Jane Frances

had been devoted to a thorough testing of the reality of her vocation, only when her family affairs were settled and her children well provided for, was she allowed to consider herself free from worldly ties, and to enter upon the Religious life.

It was on Trinity Sunday in the year 1610 that, with only two companions, she was installed in the little "Gallery House" by the lake at Annecy, there to begin the establishment of the Order of the Visitation. The idea of the new Order, as first conceived by the Bishop of Geneva, sprang immediately from the special needs of the age, and was intended to appeal to a special class. In the midst of the real religious revival in France at that time there had sprung up among the ladies of good family a plentiful growth of rather crude and erratic piety which, if it was to bring forth good fruit, called for a stricter and more watchful guidance than was provided by the numerous Sisterhoods and Congregations then in existence. Religiosity was closely in touch with the world of fashion, and the position of Abbess in some pleasant and well-endowed Convent came to be regarded as a convenient provision for the undowered daughters of the nobility—the famous Angélique Arnauld was appointed Abbess of Port Royal at the age of ten. These devout and amiable ladies may be likened not inaptly to the popular idea of the "Abbé" of later times, a vague figure, generally delightful, but not always edifying. We get a glimpse in these pages of a Community of this sort with which St. Francis was called upon to deal. "The Abbess and her nuns," we are told, "were a company of ladies living together in a pleasant country house. . . . They had a chapel, but they were not in the least punctilious about saying Office, and their inability to enter on the married state, and their distinctive dress, were the only marks of their position as Religious." After six years of attempted reform the Bishop was still striving "to convince [the Abbess] that the exclusion of male visitors . . . is necessary to the seemly ordering of a Community of women." From such material the saint,

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strong in hope, in faith and sweet patience, looked to build his Order, with the help of his spiritual daughter. His original conception was of a simple Congregation, with merely "demi-enclosure," and a Rule so little stern as to admit those who, while certain of their vocation, were prevented by bodily weakness or age from joining any Order of the stricter observance. Its first object was to be the hidden life of prayer ; its second, the visiting and tending of the suffering poor. The Sisterhood of St. Martha was the name to which St. Francis first inclined ; it was to combine the activities of Martha with the contemplative spirit of her sister ; and he realized that in Mother de Chantal he had a helper in whom these two capacities were marvellously united. Six years of close intimacy had revealed to his own saintly soul that here, too, was a soul destined to tread the Unitive Way ; while her record in the world had proved her the possessor of strong common sense, untiring energy, and a masculine talent for the management of affairs. As a bride of twenty she had been forced against her inclination to undertake the entire direction of her husband's elaborate household, and at the same time to extinguish the load of debt by which his estate was cumbered. At the age of thirty-eight she gave formal notice of her intention to renounce her worldly responsibilities. Accustomed to command, and to rely upon her own exceeding good sense, she now found her highest good in absolute submission. The gentle, ardent St. Francis was, perhaps, too ready to see swans in all around him, where Mother de Chantal's shrewder glance was quick to notice something queer about their gait or plumage, and it cannot have been easy to accept without a murmur the awkward situations in which she was occasionally involved by his too generous estimate of human nature. Yet within six weeks of their hazardous settlement several novices sought admission to the little house of peace by the Lake, bringing with them sufficient means to provide for all temporal needs ; and when, four years later, the building of a regular Convent was begun, the Community

St. Jane Frances

numbered twenty-six professed members. But their trust and fervour had yet to be tested. In 1619 came an invitation to establish a branch of the Congregation at Lyons; the Mother Superior, with two members of her Order, left Annecy in answer to the call, and the new foundation was well on its way when the Archbishop of Lyons, Monsignor de Marquemont, insisted on radical changes in the constitution of the Order: visiting the poor was forbidden; there was to be strict enclosure; the very name was to be altered. Small wonder if Mother de Chantal implored Francis de Sales to refuse his consent, a course in which she had the warm support of the great Cardinal Bellarmine. But it was hardly to be expected that the Saint, whose strongest obsession was his motto, "*Tout par amour, rien par force*," would offer much active opposition to the Archbishop's firm persistence. Mgr. de Marquemont's demands were yielded to with one exception—the original name was retained, though with some change in its significance. "People call me the founder of the Visitation—but was anything ever so contrary to reason? I did what I did not want to do, and undid what I did want." This was the Saint's gentle complaint to Mgr. de Belley in after years. But the sequel would seem to prove the wisdom of his earlier submission. While the Visitation preserved in essentials the spirit of its originator, the external activities of which it had been shorn were provided for, during Mother de Chantal's own lifetime, in the foundation by a poor parish priest of the order all the world now knows as the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

Jeanne Françoise de Chantal died in 1641 at Moulins while on a prolonged tour of several of the Visitation Convents; she was in her seventieth year, and she had lived to see the establishment of no less than eighty-six Houses of her Order. Although she outlived St. Francis de Sales by nearly twenty years, it can hardly be said that death divided them; her greatest care was always for the preservation among the Order of the exact spirit of its great Founder, and a sense of his presence supported her

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under her heavy burden and in that mystical ascent which he had in life predicted for her. In her later years the desire of her heart was less and less for external works of whatever kind; she felt that "the better part" had at last been assigned her; she who was privileged to share in the Dark Night of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa came to agree with her sister-saint that "more good is done by one minute of reciprocal contemplative communion of love with God than by the founding of fifty hospitals or of fifty churches." St. Jane Frances was canonized in 1767. Miss Sanders has done her work admirably. It was no part of the author's plan to deal with contemporary religious movements, such as the Port-Royal controversies, but we could have wished her to develop the emphatic contrast, suggested in the Preface, between the natures of Mme. de Chantal and Mme. de Guyon; and as Angélique Arnauld is introduced in her relation to both founders of the Visitation, it would have been well, perhaps, if something had been said as to the later career of that remarkable woman when, under the influence of the Abbé de St. Cyran, she became one of those Religious whom the Archbishop of Paris described as "*pures comme les anges, mais fières comme les démons.*"

P. E.

WE have had books on the daily life of war that professed and practised a kind of observant neutrality about it, and other books that insisted on the virtues of the camp and trenches perhaps too exclusively. Mr. E. W. Hornung, in his *Notes of a Camp-Follower on the Western Front* (Constable), tells facts, hard facts and tender facts as the case may be, and truths, hard truths and gentle truths as the case may be, and lets us know how much he admires, how much he deplores, and how much he excuses, always with an explicit sense of right and wrong.

Writing true things, he necessarily gives us the unexpected, but has not hunted it out or feigned it, as is somewhat the fashion. Being in charge of the camp

Criticism at a Venture

library, and of the piano, he tells us some unexpected things of the men's choice of books and of music. He has manifestly not invented the Northamptonshire shoemaker who was "steeped in Charles Lamb," or the telegraph clerk with Wordsworth and Keats in his pocket. That George Eliot was in perpetual demand would be difficult to believe but that an unforeseen truth is always at once acceptable. These things are noted in the hush before the hurricane. Unfortunately two literary projects of Mr. Hornung's had to be abandoned. "There were so many lives and works that we were going to thresh out together—Francis Thompson's for one . . . I had promised them a long evening with Francis." And a young lad in a Line regiment had asked him, "May we have a lecture on Sir John Ruskin, sir?" The books arrived too late, but Mr. Hornung, who had never seen the boy before, hopes to see him again. "He shall have his lecture on 'Sir John Ruskin,' if I have to get it up myself." An unexpected skill at the hut piano, an unexpected love of Schumann, are the unexpected facts in the matter of music. Mr. Hornung, serving in the Y.M.C.A., had to listen to sermons, if not to preach them, and he has a frank protest against that strange disproportion in the denunciation of sins which is a very lamentable character of all theology that is not Catholic. He was grieved to have the men continually scolded for bad language. He thought they might have been, and deserved to be, more often blessed for heroic acts. He has evidently some hint of the great Catholic poet's claim of absolution—plenary absolution—for him who dies in "a faithful fight." It is no small pleasure to find a book so consistently in the right throughout, and, moreover, admirably written. A.

IN *Criticism at a Venture* (Erskine MacDonald), Miss Geraldine Hodgson, Litt.D., gives an admiring opening chapter to Tennyson, who has had a better "press" even in this time of anti-Victorian fashions than any of its own poets. Travelling main lines rather than exploring

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at a venture, Miss Hodgson passes in a second chapter to "The Ethics of Browning"; then to the "Poetry of Doubt," to that period during which "the habit of doubt grew and spread, until to have lost one's faith became, among many, the sign of superior intellect." So far so good: Dr. Hodgson's pages run on somewhat in the style of the Victorian Reviews and Professors, whom she reproves in their own tongue, she having the advantage of a longer weapon—a pen that is driven home along the surely sighted guide-lines of perspective. So far so good; but there is better to come. Miss Hodgson finds her footing most surely in her own country and, too, becomes more of a critic at a venture when she treats of Vaughan, Coventry Patmore, and Francis Thompson. Here she is not distracted on the one side by Victorian truisms and on the other by the mock originality of the later Georgians, who, denying form, strive to make deformity seem good, and give us weird negations of pattern without having the substance beneath—the camouflage without the cannon. Dr. Hodgson is made otherwise; she sticks to her serviceable guns; she has no use for blank cartridge, for empty sound. Poetry for her is necessarily the child of "the wedded light and heat" of form and thought. And since Christian symbolism and mysticism at large, and the Seven Sacraments in particular, embrace and weld the two worlds of sense and spirit, of the Word and the Idea, she looks to her poets to spread the good news, or if, living in Christendom, they seem to have not so much as heard it, she is inclined to judge them meagre, and to tell them so in a tone calculated to reach the otherwise deaf. She says:

In her Sacraments, the Church uses the familiar "creaturely things: water, oil, light, the sheaf, the grape that feed His man—the bread, the wine," in a spiritual, non-material way, so that "changed from glory to glory" they bring life, health, salvation. Further, the individual Christian sees in other material things the fleeting gleam of the hidden Presence of God—*Vere Tu es Deus absconditus*. Nor, in this wonderful order, does anything

Peace and War

exist in isolation—"Thou canst not stir a flower, without troubling of a star." So it comes about that the natural course of the everyday world hides a further meaning :

"And what want I of prophecy,
Who at the sounding of thy station,
Of thy flagrant trumpet, see
The seals that melt, the open revelation ?"

cried Francis Thompson to "the incarnated light" of the Sun that, shining in his strength, prefigured a greater than he. These facts were as manifest to Isaiah as to the tempest-tossed poet of our own day ; while Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., reminds us that in "*le moyen age énorme et délicat*," St. Francis, in the *Speculum Perfectionis*, universalized this sacramentalism of Nature : "Every creature cries out, *God has made me on account of thee, O man !*"

Incidentally, it is good to get two names, the Poet's and the Capuchin's, Francis's and the Franciscan's—once in living fellowship at Pantasaph, and each an influence on the other—again linked on the page of a writer, not herself a Catholic, but brought by her love of high literature (Lacordaire foretold this very office) to the threshold of the Church. Her note rings true even when she is a trifle over-anxious about discordant estimates of poetry which happen to appear in print. Her learning and her intuition work most profitably when, as in the chapter called "The Capacity of Vision," she herself leads the way into the remoter fields—"and secret was the garden."

E. M.

A VOLUME of imperialist ethics from the "Sinn Fein stronghold" of Maynooth is the last paradox from Her Infinite Variety, Ireland. The book, *Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War*, by Walter McDonald, D.D. (Burns & Oates), is published with a Westminster Imprimatur *cum consensu Rmi Ordinarii Dublinensis*, but with unconscious merriment it is dated the Fourth of July. True to a proverb of his native Ossory that Truth is bitter, Dr. McDonald has not erred on the side of bitterness. However, "like other bitter things, it is wholesome ; in politics and economics as in things spiritual it, and it alone, makes us free." But does

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the converse hold good? Does the freedom of speech and thought, which Dr. McDonald has attained, result in shining, irrefragable truth? There is no greater tragedy than the martyrdom of those who have imperilled prospects and friendships in order to give clear and undeviating utterance to phases of what they believe as clear as the Truth, which once won the wistful query of Pontius Pilate. If Pilate had been Irish Viceroy we can imagine him sadly asking Dr. McDonald and Archbishop Walsh what was the truth in Ireland, and probably disagreeing with both. Dr. McDonald's answer to a Roman Governor in old Judæan days would have been, Render to Cæsar, that is to the British Empire, what belongs to it. The Maccabees were fighting against a legitimate authority. Israel was a religion, but never a nation, and the Canaanites were the previous and ethical possessors of the land. And we profit by raising swine for the Roman legions.

We hope this is not an unfair statement. Dr. McDonald says he was "brought up on British gold" because his people received "the price of farm produce." He wonders whether Dr. Coffey, the champion of Sinn Fein ethics, if made Archbishop of Boston or Sydney, would "deem it his duty to hand over to the natural heirs of its former proprietors the real estate of the diocese." Coming down to bedrock, the bishops and Dr. Coffey, in discussing the conscription issue, declined to accept the ethical value and at least one practical result of the English Conquest. Dr. Coffey, a young and earnest Professor at Maynooth, and one of Cardinal Mercier's pupils, declared that "England never has had any moral right to rule or govern Ireland." Dr. McDonald attacks this "plain speaking." He thinks "It would not have pleased Cardinal Cullen; but things may have changed since his time." In both assumptions he is correct. But then Maynooth did not please Cardinal Cullen either, since he built his own seminary at Clonliffe. Dr. McDonald catches the bishops in a very clever argument, since in opposing conscription they used the

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argument which the Fenians used, and were excommunicated for acting on. He asks whether the official teaching of the Holy See has suffered change, and the only answer is, apparently, that the official teaching of the Holy See on Fenianism was dictated by Cardinal Cullen, and that peoples who have most faithfully accepted the dogmatic teaching of the Church have been most reluctant to accept what they think is a political ruling. The Holy See with hoary prudence never makes a politico-ethical ruling except at the request and prompting of the Episcopate of a country. The Holy See condemned Fenianism as a secret society, which plotted against legitimate authority and used means of bloodshed. To prevent such bloodshed is still the duty of bishops who are not bound to recognize that the Government is a moral as well as legitimate authority. When Dr. McDonald asks "Is it true that, as Dr. Coffey has suggested, the Parliament of Westminster has not and never had any moral right to govern us?" the answer is that as in the case of Russian rule in Poland and German rule in Alsace-Lorraine there was a legitimate right to which bishops gave a *tolerari potest*, but there was never an implicit moral right, or else the Church would not have so readily and gladly recognized the new *régime* in Poland and Alsace-Lorraine. Bishops are the divine buffers that take collisions; and in Ireland, if they have averted at least three revolutions during the past century, they have never admitted a divine or moral right to the British Government. They have logically and loyally accepted the state of affairs, and have tried to amend rather than end it. But if ended, the loudness of their Amen might startle Dr. McDonald.

In putting ethical conundrums Dr. McDonald is at his best; but he is unwise to enter the historical field and discuss the question whether Ireland was ever a united and independent nation, in short paragraphs. As a matter of fact neither unity of rule nor independence is a "requisite of nationhood," as he asks. Nationhood is a modern and post-medieval concept and a potential nation may be developed at any moment in any place, as

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witness such unhistorical states as Albania and Checko-Slavia. Dr. McDonald can draw a syllogism with the accuracy of a Schoolman, but he is often slightly inaccurate in facts—as when he refers to “the ecclesiastical Cursing of Tara,” which Professor John MacNeill has recently shown to be mythical; or again, where he misquotes the words on the Parnell Statue in Dublin.

As to whether Ireland acquiesced in her loss of independence, he points out that the Confederation of Kilkenny, which really represented Ireland, was a meeting of *Pro Deo, Rege, Patria Hiberni unanimes*, and that the first act of the Jacobite or Patriotic Parliament of 1689 was to recognize the sovereignty of King James the Second. The Irish recognized the Stuarts in a way they never recognized the successors of the Stuarts. They saw, in the Stuarts, kings by divine and moral right, and they paid the price of their loyalty. No ethical or ecclesiastical ruling transferred that loyalty to King William, though in time the people acquiesced and their bishops accepted the legitimate rule of the new line. But the ordinary Irish Catholic no more saw in the Georges a king in the old Catholic sense than he saw valid Orders in the Archbishop of Canterbury. The distinction between a moral and a legitimate right has been elsewhere sustained. Napoleon the Third was legitimate ruler of France, but with all their faults the Bourbons were the morally rightful kings. Dr. Coffey declared “England has not any *moral* right to rule or govern Ireland,” and the ecclesiastical authorities have not removed him from his Chair at Maynooth. Is Dr. McDonald quite fair in asking “what Dr. Coffey would do if some poor fellow confessed that he was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, pleading as against the Decree of the Holy Office that the English Government is not legitimate.” Neither Dr. Coffey nor the Fenians ever said it was not legitimate, for it is obvious that the Government in settled power is always legitimate and legal. Whether it is as permanent and sacrosanct and moral in its origin and being as a Divine Ordinance or a Roman Dogma against which there is no appeal

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is another question. The bishops appealed against its working on the conscription issue, and the Government apparently acquiesced as much in their action as the Irish people ever did in the post-Union Government. These are facts and not opinions. If the Government had withdrawn their claim to conscription, and invited the bishops to send volunteers into the American or French army, no doubt the difficult *impasse* could have been avoided. As it is, to-day the Irish bishops hold the field. We do not agree with the view that "a blockade may be legitimately conducted by submarines sinking at sight," but we commend the attack on Fr. Lehmkühl's disgraceful doctrine that tax-evaders may declare "even a good deal under the value of the estate." We therefore commend Theol. Moral, i.n. 1173 to excision.

Dr. McDonald must have the credit of speaking the truth as he sees it, and though he does not add to our views on Ireland he has given the man in the street a new outlook on Maynooth. He may be reacting from the iron rule of Dr. Mannix, the most masterful man Ireland has bred in this generation, or he may be simply using that liberty of thought and speech which is essential to a great College, and the layman must regret that he cannot overhear the keen fence and sparring which his book must have produced in the most intellectual of common rooms. Oxford burnt Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*; but we think Maynooth will be more tolerant of Dr. McDonald's recantation of Irish Nationhood. It is said that an eminent ecclesiastic was troubled by the teaching Dr. McDonald was propounding as Prefect of the Dunboyne to the future bishops of Ireland, and received the cheering reply that none of his students accepted a word he said. Which shows that, like Plato, he is an ideal advanced teacher and stimulator of the intellectual faculty. The true professor does not seek to enforce agreement, but to produce thought; and he agrees that his pupils are as likely to hit on the truth as he himself. We understand that Dr. Coffey is not the least of the thinkers Dr. McDonald has trained for Ireland.

S. L.

Some Recent Books

MR EGBERT SANDFORD does something—but not much—to explain the rather unfortunate title of his fortunate book—*Mad Moments* (Maunsel). For a fine paradox is the subject of his opening poem; his madman is but the poet who hides in the darkness to strike a light, and in a storm to keep silence. None the less the title of the book is too violent for work that is deeply reasonable and restrained. The author has thought out thoroughly the subjects of his brief poems. A strong image shows the peculiar energy of Mr. Sandford's fancy:

INSCRIBED TO HER.

Two streams were we,
As happy as the winds that heard our song—,
As free.
Two streams—until the Giver
Of course to current, and of time to tide,
Made us a river :
A river, rich with wild unrest,
And He,
Who fain would fold it to His mighty breast—
Our sea.

At times the author grapples his thought so closely that we would not suffer any additional word that might loosen this powerful hold :

One walked with me, and talked ; and I with Him.
“ We know Thou art the Light,”
I said, “ but—this is night,
And our whole world's abrim
With hideous shadows that shut out the land.
We know Thou art the Light,
But this is night. . . .
When wilt Thou understand ? ”
'Twas then He bade me hark,
“ Since I have come back from the dead—
Though still The Light, I'm something more,”
He said—
“ I am The Dark.”

Others of these poems have a peculiarly masculine tenderness. His work will assuredly find its own place in the estimation of those who know that rare thing, originality, when they see it.

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Le catalogue abrégé pour l'année 1920 est
envoyé franco, en s'adressant aux agents de la
maison à Londres :

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